



No. 439.—VOL. XXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND,

HOSTESS AT THE GRAND STAFFORD HOUSE LIFEBOAT FÊTE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KATE PRAGNELL, BROMPTON SQUARE, S.W.

THE CLUBMAN.

Ascot in Mourning—The New Royal Cypher—The Duke of Cornwall and York on His Travels—Sir Frank Swettenham—Sir Harry Johnston.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING went down to Sandringham during Ascot week, and many of his subjects followed his example and spent what is usually a gala week quietly in the country or by the seaside. Piccadilly and Pall Mall and Bond Street were last week without many of their habitués, and they were not all, or nearly all, to be found in the Jockey Club Enclosure or the Paddock at Ascot. The course on the Heath when the ladies are wearing their smartest summer dresses, when even the men relapse into the comparative brilliancy of Ascot suits, and when the sky is a cloudless blue, is one of the most beautiful sights in the world, for there is a background of rolling commonland, and waves of woodland, and the purple and blue of the distant downs which neither Longchamps nor Auteuil, its rivals in the matter of costumes, can show; but Ascot in deep mourning, with a grey sky above it, is as pitiable as a pretty woman in tears. We all most earnestly hope that there may not be cause for very many years to come for the Royal Stand to be again closed.

Although the King had last week a release from State ceremonies, he had daily a vast number of details concerning ceremonial and heraldic affairs to give a decision upon, and two matters on which the Royal pleasure has been taken lately are the claims which gallant little Wales puts forward to a recognition on the King's escutcheon, and the form the Royal Cypher, which is to be worn on all the buttons and badges throughout the Services, is to take. The loyal Welsh have been told that their very natural wish to see the heraldic dragon flaunting it in company with the leopards of England, the lion of Scotland, and the harp of Ireland will be considered when the Arms of the Prince of Wales are, in due course, to be emblazoned—an intimation that we shall before long hail the Duke of York by a new title. The Royal Cypher is to consist of "E." and "R." impaled with "VII." inserted in the lower loop of the "E." and the crown which is to surmount this cypher is the Tudor "Henry VII." crown, which was used always on all the personal belongings of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria.

The Duke of Cornwall and York, with his sailor-like geniality, and the Duchess, with her sunny smile, have conquered all hearts in New Zealand, and, after bidding adieu to the beautiful islands in the musical Maori word of farewell, will visit Tasmania and the Australian ports not yet touched.

Nothing more beautiful than the river of Adelaide will have been seen by the Royal travellers in all their journey. The town is in two blocks of buildings, one the business one, the other the residential one, and between these is a strip of park-land about half-a-mile broad. Through this flows the River Torrens, which used to be a very evil-smelling little stream. A dam placed below the city changed this entirely, and now Adelaide has in its midst a beautiful sheet of water about two miles long. The Botanical Gardens and Government House are both near this lake. The town is protected on the southern and eastern sides by the Lofty Mountains, six or seven miles distant. The city was named by Colonel Light after the then Queen Consort at the especial request of King William IV.

Sir Frank Swettenham, who has been appointed Governor of the Straits Settlements, has spent his official life in the Straits of Malacca, and knows the Malays thoroughly and has written about them most charmingly. He has resided in various official capacities at Selangor and Perak.

Sir Frank has never been in a hurry, and, because he has apparently lounged through life, he has been able to know the gentle, procrastinating Malay better than any man of the present day, except perhaps his friend and brother official, Hugh Clifford, another author who has written some delightful tales of Malaya. Under the quiet manner and dreamy exterior of Sir Frank Swettenham is, however, to be found a very keen diplomatist and a splendid sportsman. When at home he hunts regularly, and, when staying with his brother near Llandrindod, there is no quicker foot on the Welsh mountains. He has shot all the big game worth shooting in the Malay jungles, and a tiger of the Peninsula, though not so large as a Bengal one, is just as dangerous to face. Sir Frank has put his foot on the first rung of a new ladder of fame, and he is a man we are likely to hear much of hereafter.

Sir James Alexander Swettenham, the elder brother, has been Colonial Secretary, and for a time Acting Governor, at Singapore, but is now promoted to the Governorship of British Guiana.

Sir Harry Johnston was able to write from Pall Mall a letter to the *Times* five weeks after he left his caravans in the wildest portion of the Uganda Protectorate, and this is a proof of the wonderful strides towards civilisation being made in Central Africa, and the steady advance of that finest of missionaries, the railway. Sir Harry has suddenly jumped into the notice of "The Man in the Street" by sending home to South Kensington the skin of a new animal; but the work he has done in the Protectorate during the past two years stamps him as one of our most splendid Proconsuls, for he has quieted the country, established taxation, and added much to our geographical knowledge.

Sir Harry Johnston is, as those who have seen his work on the walls of the Academy know, a fine artist, and he is also a good musician.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Pro-Boer Meeting—A Terrible Responsibility—Enter the Mono-Rail—Why not to the Crystal Palace?—The Beginnings of a Boulevard—A Bowlers' Week—Ranjitsinhji—Rhodes and Haigh—Good old Santoi!—The Passing of Booksellers' Row.

"THE MAN IN THE STREET" is a bit of a philosopher, and the chief thing that he has to say about the disgraceful Pro-Boer meeting at Queen's Hall is that the police were greatly to blame for ever allowing it to be held. They must have known perfectly well that the collecting of a lot of roughs and foreigners for the express purpose of abusing and libelling Englishmen would be resented by all right-feeling men, and they ought to have prohibited the meeting.

There is a lot of wishy-washy cant talked about free speech, and some people appear to hold that any crank may say what he likes, regardless of the fact that his words may cause the loss of many valuable lives. Several thousand Boers are still in the field against us, and the holding of such Pro-Boer meetings in London is a direct incitement to them to continue their useless resistance. In these circumstances, no one has any right to use words which may encourage the enemy, under the shallow pretence of attacking the Government. Our good friend, Robert Newman, on the morrow of the Queen's Hall meeting woke up to the fact that Harmony should prevail under his roof, and rightly prohibited Monday's meeting.

I hope that the rumour about the mono-rail overhead railway from Charing Cross to Cannon Street is correct. It is an innovation that I have often advocated, as it would relieve the crowded main-lines of the suburban and local traffic. And, as overhead is much cheaper than underground, let us have the mono-rail.

It has always struck me, when crawling down to the Crystal Palace, that, if the railway company or the Palace set up an overhead line, how much more quickly we should get to Sydenham, and I have often made the remark to people in the train. The Crystal Palace can be seen from the Strand any fine day, and yet it takes as long to get to it by rail as it does to go to Reading or Basingstoke. With a fast and regular train-service, the Palace would be the playground of London.

The chief result of the operations to the north of St. Clement Danes Church is to make a fine, broad pavement between the roadway and the Law Courts Green. One thing I am glad to see is that we are to have the beginnings of a boulevard there. Last week some mysterious squares were made in the pavement, and in process of time these are to be filled with young trees.

Ranjitsinhji has always been able to do a bit with the ball, but last week he regularly came out as a bowler for London County against the Cambridge men. In the second innings of the Light Blues he got six wickets for fifty-three runs. He twice took two wickets in one over, and four of his victims were caught off his bowling. He tried again later in the week against Kent, but in sixteen overs took only two wickets for forty-three runs. The weather was rather unsettled for cricket last week, but we were all glad to see that Abel has recovered his form, and he was the only man who made a stand against Cambridge in the first innings of the "C.U.C.C." against Surrey.

But the sensational cricket event last week was in the Yorkshire v. Notts match, when Rhodes and Haigh got rid of the Notts eleven for the absurd total of thirteen. Rhodes took six wickets, all caught off his bowling, while Haigh accounted for three men, one of them clean bowled. This is the lowest score ever made in a first-class county match, the previous record having been sixteen. Curiously enough, Notts were in the two matches in which sixteen was scored, but, in those cases, on the other side, as Derbyshire in 1879 and Surrey in 1880 both made only sixteen against them. If I remember right, Rhodes and Haigh came to the front as bowlers in 1898.

Good old Santoi! Heartily congratulations again to Mr. George Edwardes on the success of his colt. The Kempton Park Jubilee, the Hurst Park Great Whitsuntide Handicap, and now the Ascot Gold Cup, are pretty good for one season as a horse's winnings. Mr. George Edwardes is a lucky man, and everything seems to turn up trumps for him, both in the theatre and on the racecourse. The win was, of course, exceedingly popular, for "The Man in the Street" always likes to see his favourites win.

So poor old Holywell Street, or Booksellers' Row, whichever you like to call it, is on the way to destruction. The book-shop at the west corner is already knocked down, and the housebreakers are approaching the older houses in the street. I am glad *The Sketch* snapshotters have preserved views of the last of the old London streets that we have among us. Soon there will not be a scrap of London left that was built earlier than the reign of George III., but, all the same, we suffer the inconveniences of our antiquity in the narrowness of the streets. We are doing away with all the beauties of antiquity and preserving in our narrow streets all its inconveniences. We are a funny race in some matters.



The Kaiser, attended by Prince Herbert Bismarck.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM PAYING HOMAGE TO THE MEMORY OF THE POLITICAL MAKER OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE: HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY AT THE FOOT OF THE NEW BISMARCK STATUE OUTSIDE THE REICHSTAG, BERLIN.

"THE SKETCH" LETTER FROM BERLIN.

KAISER AND BISMARCK.

THE 16th of June was a very eventful day in Berlin (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent in that city of monuments). The great Iron Chancellor's monument was unveiled with pomp and ceremony in the presence of thousands of people of all ranks. Past and present Ministers, Princes from all parts of Germany, students in gorgeous festive apparel, masses of sweetly dressed children, ladies of the highest rank, and fussily important civic dignitaries without number, to say nothing of stern-faced, finely set-up officers, were present at this solemn and important ceremony. The great Bismarck is at last to be seen in the place of all places most suitable, namely, in front of the Reichstag. There he stands, a majestic figure, with his back to the splendid building where he used in former days to dominate the Government and thunder forth in vehement, forcible words to spell-bound audiences his tersely put and clearly thought-out ideas.

The spectacle afforded on Sunday was, despite the untoward weather, a brilliant one. Ranged along the long flight of steps leading to the Reichstag were children innumerable; seated on the Grand Stand round the monument were gay, sworded students in the background, Ministers and high functionaries of town and State below, brilliantly uniformed officers at the base; the rank and fashion of Berlin lighting up the whole assemblage in the front row.

The Emperor, bearing his Field-Marshal's staff, walked solemnly up and down, now and then conversing with the Empress, who wore a pretty dress of pink. His Majesty appeared pale and preoccupied. Whatever he thought, His Imperial Majesty acted like a man; he performed a right royal and manly act. At the close of Count Bülow's masterly oration, he silently and solemnly approached the statue, bearing in his hand a superb wreath. This he placed at the feet of the statue, an act of quiet homage to the memory of the departed hero, an act calculated to still for ever all unkind thoughts or words about past differences. On his turning away from the monument, the Emperor was greeted by a loud, heart-felt, enthusiastic, spontaneous "Bravo!" No perfunctory "Hoch!" or German "Hurrah!" greeted him; no, it was a real, downright, deep-felt outburst of admiration for a kingly action that burst upon his ears. No wonder he looked up beaming with pleasure and satisfaction! Before the ceremony he had looked decidedly worried, troubled, and distraught. Now, he returned to his place another man—bright, happy-looking, and undoubtedly still more popular than before. The bands struck up the National Anthem; the children on the Reichstag steps sang the refrain, while the students kept time by clashing each other's swords crosswise as they stood up in their quaint, old-world, festal dress.

Leaving the noble monument of Bismarck the Great, the Kaiser approached Bismarck the Son, and spoke with Prince Herbert for the rest of the time more than with anyone else. The crowd cheered. The ceremony was closed. The wreath, bearing the words, "To the Great Emperor's Great Servant," was duly inspected by thousands. Hundreds of other wreaths were laid by countless guilds and societies, and the

Emperor went away with the Empress, the Princes of the Royal House, including the young Duke of Coburg (better known to you as the Duke of Albany), following suit.

AT A REGATTA.

His Imperial Majesty spent the afternoon at Grünau. There the yearly regatta was held. Here, too, I may add, was a goodly yacht-load of English and American members of the thriving Anglo-American Club, and they, as is their wont, shouted out a hearty threefold "Hip-hip-hurrah!" for the Emperor as he, in his smart, swift-going *Hohenzollern*, passed by the yacht, which was flying the Union Jack and the Star-spangled Banner.

PARIS-BERLIN RACE.

The June motor-car race from Paris to Berlin is an important Continental affair—route, through France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Rhenish Prussia, Westphalia, Hanover, Brunswick, Saxony, Brandenburg. The chiefs of all the States on the route have offered prizes, and it is said that the German Emperor, who is very much interested in motor-cars, will receive them on their entry into Berlin. The start is to be made from Paris on the 27th, at half-past three in the morning, and there are one hundred and sixty competitors inscribed. The distance is twelve hundred kilometres, to be covered in three days. The entire route from Paris to Berlin will be marked with signal-flags where it is dangerous.

THE HORNIMAN MUSEUM.

There is a probability that Princess Louise will accompany the Duke of Fife when he opens the Museum and Park at Forest Hill, the gift of Mr. F. J. Horniman, M.P., to the public, on Saturday next. The Duke and Duchess, who have been staying for some time at Upper Sheen House, their quiet, semi-suburban retreat, to which they are both greatly attached, and which possesses in the grounds one of the best tennis-courts in England, intend to go to Duff House, Banffshire, towards the end of next month. Duff House was the family seat of the Duke's forbears, and, not far distant from the River Deveron, affords facilities to the Duchess for the prosecution of what has now for long been her favourite out-of-door vocation. The waters of the Deveron are

favourable to anglers, though the stream is nowise so prolific in salmon nor so popular for plying the rod as is the Spey, not inconveniently distant from Duff House. Both the Duke and Duchess will take part in several interesting functions before leaving early in August for Mar Lodge, Deeside, where they will reside till some time after the close of the King's sojourn at Balmoral.

The accompanying reproduction of a dainty drawing by Mr. Ellis Roberts of Mrs. Horniman, the wife of the Member for Falmouth, is of special interest in view of the fact that the Museum at Forest Hill is to be dedicated by Mr. Horniman to the public. Mrs. Horniman, whose marriage took place five years ago, and who has two pretty children, has helped her husband indefatigably both in regard to the Museum and in his constituency at Falmouth, where she is the President of the Liberal Women's Association. The sketch reproduced is a study for a pastel which Mr. Ellis Roberts has just completed.



MRS. HORNIMAN, WIFE OF MR. F. J. HORNIMAN, M.P., WHO GENEROUSLY PRESENTS THE HORNIMAN MUSEUM AT FOREST HILL TO THE PUBLIC.

From a Drawing by Ellis Roberts.

FRANCE AND MOROCCO.

HAD the British public been more intimately interested in the great question of Morocco, the significance of the visit of two missions to Europe at the same time must have caused widespread comment. Even the casual observer cannot fail to notice that, while the

KAID MEHEDI EL MENEHBI HAS COME TO LONDON

and may go to Berlin, His Excellency Abd-el-Keim ben Sleeman has gone to Paris and may go to St. Petersburg. Herein lies the key to the small mystery. France, in encroaching upon Morocco from the south-east, has, in point of fact, already appropriated vast tracts of territory belonging of right to the Sultan of Morocco. For the present, the offensive operations are at an end, for the summer sun of Africa does not look with favour on campaigns in the Sahara. With the autumn, hostilities will be resumed, ostensibly to clear the desert for the Oran-Senegal Railway; in reality, to strangle Morocco by killing the caravan trade and closing the native trade-routes. In the few months that must elapse before the autumn reaches the land of Mulai Abd-el-Aziz, the Mission has come to see whether Great Britain will do anything to help.

ANOTHER MISSION HAS GONE TO FRANCE

to explain away the mission to England and Germany. Whether anything can be done to keep France from eating up Morocco remains to be seen. I am inclined to think that the French preparations are too near completion to admit of an alteration in the programme. They always have a pretext for action; if one is not forthcoming in the ordinary way, it is manufactured.

A very recent instance serves as an illustration. A few weeks ago, M. POUZET, AN ANTI-SEMITIC JOURNALIST AND ALGERIAN DEPUTY, was killed on the dangerous coast of the Riffians, the tribe that occupies the Mediterranean coast of Morocco near the Algerian border. Time out of mind travellers have been warned to leave the Riff coast alone, have been told that the Sultan's authority does not extend to the Riff country, that the people are wild and unconquered. M. Pouzet went, in spite of all warnings, and he was promptly killed. Thereupon, the French Government sent cruisers to demonstrate, not in Riffian waters, but at Tangier and Mazagan; an ultimatum was delivered, in defiance of all diplomatic usage; and the Sultan, who has no control over the Riff country, had to pay four thousand pounds, while the Kaid of Kebdana, the district where M. Pouzet met his death, has been seized for an act in which he probably had no complicity, and has most likely been shot ere now. All this is tragi-comedy, but more foolish than anything else in the Pouzet case are the warnings of the French Press to the Moorish Government. "You must put your house in order," they say in effect, "or, very much against our will, we must come and do it for you—we must enter your territory." This from the Press of a country that has driven the eastern frontier of Morocco one hundred miles to the west in the past eighteen months, that is even now mobilising fresh forces in Algeria to resume its campaign when weather permits. And they say in Paris that "Albion" is perfidious!

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

SUMMER TRAIN ARRANGEMENTS FROM JULY 1.

WEEK-DAYS.

Dining Arrangements to Scotland, Leeds, Bradford, Nottingham, Sheffield, &c. Corridor Dining-Car Expresses (1st and 3rd class) will leave London (King's Cross) at 10 a.m. for Dundee and Aberdeen, at 10.10 a.m. and 11.20 a.m. and 2.20 p.m. for Edinburgh.

First and Third Class Corridor Dining-Car Expresses will leave Edinburgh (Waverley) 10 a.m., 12.20 noon, and 2.20 p.m. for London (King's Cross). A Breakfast and Dining Car Train will also leave Aberdeen 6.20 a.m., and Dundee 8.10, for London (King's Cross).

First and Third Class Dining-Car Expresses will leave King's Cross 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m. for Leeds, and 6.15 p.m. for Bradford, &c. Similar cars will also leave Leeds (Central) 10 a.m. and 5.30 p.m., and Bradford (Exchange) 10 a.m. and 5.25 p.m., for London (King's Cross).

First and Third Class Dining-Cars will be attached to the Expresses leaving London (King's Cross) 10.20 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. for Nottingham and Sheffield, also from Sheffield (Victoria) 10.10 a.m. and 6.35 p.m., Nottingham (Victoria) 11.4 a.m. and 7.28 p.m., for London (King's Cross).

The 10.20 a.m., 4.15 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. Expresses now run from London (King's Cross) to Manchester (Central) will terminate at Sheffield, and be in connection there with trains for Manchester (London Road) and other places west of Sheffield. The Up Expresses, which now leave Manchester (Central) at 8.45 a.m., 3 p.m., and 5.20 p.m., will start from Sheffield (Victoria), and be in connection with trains from Manchester (London Road) and other places west of Sheffield.

HIGHLAND SLEEPING-CAR EXPRESS.

An additional Sleeping-Car Express will, from July 23 to Aug. 9 inclusive (Saturdays excepted), leave London (King's Cross) 7.45 p.m. for Edinburgh, Perth, Inverness, &c.

NORWAY, via HULL.

A Special Boat-Express, with a third Luncheon Car attached, leaves London (King's Cross) 10.55 a.m. for Hull (N.E.) on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays until Aug. 17.

EAST COAST WATERING-PLACES AND NORFOLK BROADS.

From July 1 a Through Train for Harrogate, Scarborough, and Whitby will leave London (King's Cross) 1.45 p.m. Through Carriages for Harrogate are also run on 10.20 a.m. ex. King's Cross.

From July 8 a Special Express will leave London (King's Cross) 1.10 p.m. for Sheringham, Cromer, Mundesley-on-Sea, &c. The ordinary express service of trains between London, Sheringham, and Cromer will from this date be improved and accelerated.

A Special Express will from July 13 leave London (King's Cross) 11.30 a.m. for Scarborough, Whitby, Filey, Bridlington.

SUNDAYS.

Dining Cars are attached to trains leaving King's Cross 12.15 noon and 5 p.m. for Wakefield and Leeds, and to 12.15 noon and 5.25 p.m. ex. Leeds (Central) for King's Cross.

The 8.15, 8.45, and 11.30 p.m. Sleeping-Car Expresses for Scotland will run on Sundays as well as on week-days.

Numerous other alterations will be made in the train service throughout the line.

Holiday Leaflets, Farmhouse and Country Lodgings (price 1d. by post 2d.), Illustrated Guide to Scotland (by post 1d.), and Programme of Tourist and Week-end Tickets, may be obtained from the Superintendent of the Line, King's Cross Station London.

CHARLES STEEL, General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.—Cheap Holiday EXCURSIONS

from LONDON (King's Cross) each WEDNESDAY, for eight days, to SHERINGHAM, Cromer (Beach), Mundesley-on-Sea, Yarmouth, Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe.

Each SATURDAY, for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days, to SKEGNESS, Sutton-on-Sea, Mablethorpe, Grimsby, New Cleve, Cleethorpes, Bridlington, Filey, Scarborough, Whitby, Robin Hood's Bay, Saltburn, Redcar, Appleby, Tynemouth, Whitby Bay, Cullercoats, Liverpool, Southport, and Douglas (Isle of Man).

SATURDAY, June 29, for 1, 3, or 4 days, to SKEGNESS, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe. Tickets, bills, &c., at Stations and Town Offices.

CHARLES STEEL, General Manager.

THE FOLLOWING PARTICULARS ARE TAKEN FROM THE PROSPECTUS OF RICHARD DICKESON AND CO., LIMITED—

The LIST of APPLICATIONS OPENED on TUESDAY, JUNE 25, 1901, and will CLOSE on or before THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1901, for both Town and Country.

The Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint-Stock Companies.

RICHARD DICKESON & COMPANY, Ltd.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.)

Capital £225,000.

Divided into

25,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each £125,000
20,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each £100,000

The Vendors will take as fully-paid 19,400 of the Ordinary Shares and 5,600 of the Preference Shares in part payment of the purchase price. The Directors have signed the Memorandum of Association for the remaining 600 Ordinary Shares, being their qualification as after-mentioned.

The Prospectus invites subscription at par for the balance, namely, 19,400 SIX PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES of £5 each, payable as follows—

On application	£0 10 0 per share.
On allotment	2 0 0 „
One month after allotment	2 10 0 „
	£5 0 0

DIRECTORS.

*WOLDEMARE OEHME KENNETT, Market Lane, Dover, Merchant.
*ALEXANDER WILLIAM PRINCE, Victoria Warehouses, Mansell Street, E., Merchant.
FELIX DICKESON BOLTON, Market Lane, Dover, Merchant.
* Existing members of the firm.

BANKERS.

CAPITAL AND COUNTIES BANK (LIMITED), Threadneedle Street, E.C.; and Branches.
BROKERS.—BUCKLER, NORMAN, and CRISP, 11, Angel Court, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

LINKLATER, ADDISON, BROWN, and JONES, 2, Bond Court, Walbrook, London, E.C.;
STILWELL and HARBY, Dover.

AUDITORS.—EVERETT and WHIBLEY, 13, King William Street, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES (pro tem.).

E. CHAPPELL, FINSBURY HOUSE, BLOMFIELD STREET, E.C.

The Preference Shares are cumulative as to dividend, and preferential over the Ordinary Shares as to capital, but will not in a winding-up carry any right to the surplus assets remaining after repayment of capital. No Debentures or Debenture Stock can be created or issued without the sanction of an extraordinary resolution of a meeting of the Preference shareholders. The dividend on the Preference Shares will be payable half-yearly, on Jan. 1 and July 1 in every year, the first payment, calculated from the due dates of payment of the several instalments, being made on Jan. 1, 1902.

The Company has been formed for the purpose of taking over as a going concern, with the exception hereinafter mentioned, the well-known business of Richard Dickeson and Co., Wholesale Grocers, Provision Merchants, and Millary Contractors, at Dover, London, Dublin, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Aldershot, Liverpool, Gibraltar, &c. The business has been established for upwards of half-a-century, and additional capital has to be provided owing to the recent death of Sir Richard Dickeson, and for the further extension of the business.

The Company will also acquire from the executors of Sir Richard Dickeson certain freehold and leasehold premises which were formerly leased by him to the firm, and which are valued, as appears below, at £26,700.

A large and increasing wholesale business is being carried on by the firm in England and Ireland, and a very considerable export trade is done with India, Ceylon, Egypt, and various ports in the Mediterranean. The staff consists of nearly 1000 hands, and is able at short notice to cater for a large number of persons. This was evidenced on the occasion of the funeral of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, when, with only three days' notice, the firm catered satisfactorily for about 27,000 troops.

Arrangements have been made with all the principal members of the staff to remain in the service of the Company.

The firm have recently opened branches in South Africa. These branches will, however, not be acquired by the Company, nor have the profits made there been included by the Accountants in their certificate, the Vendors considering that, owing to the special character of that trade through the War, the result cannot be reckoned upon as a fair basis of future profits.

Messrs. J. H. Champness, Corderoy, and Co., Chartered Accountants, have examined the books of the firm, and report as follows:

"103, Cannon Street, E.C., 20th May, 1901.

"To the DIRECTORS, RICHARD DICKESON AND CO., LIMITED.

"GENTLEMEN,—We have examined the books and accounts of Richard Dickeson and Co. for the five years ending Dec. 31, 1900, and find that, after eliminating the businesses in South Africa and the Métropole Stores, Dover, the latter of which, we understand, have been disposed of, the profits shown thereby have been as follows, namely—

For the year 1896	£13,084 1 7
" 1897	13,079 16 2
" 1898	14,6 9 16 2
" 1899	17,357 2 5
" 1900	35,753 3 5

"These profits have been arrived at before charging income-tax and interest on loans or on partners' capital, but after writing off all expenses, including repairs, and what in our opinion is an amply sufficient charge for maintenance and depreciation, but excluding the rentals of the freehold premises at Dover and Aldershot, which it is proposed the Company about to be formed shall purchase from the executors of the late Sir Richard Dickeson.—Yours faithfully,

"J. H. CHAMPNESS, CORDEROY, and CO."

The large increase in the profits during 1900 over the previous years was caused by a general extension of the business of the firm, the turnover being more than doubled, and during the present year further branches have been established, and the Vendors see no reason why the profits should not be maintained at the level of 1900. Up to this date the returns show an increase compared with the corresponding period last year.

The average annual profit shown above is £18,778 15 11
Interest on Preference Shares will require 7,500 0 0

Leaving for Directors' fees, reserve, and dividends on Ordinary Shares £11,278 15 11

The Company will acquire the following assets free from encumbrances:

Stock-in-trade, &c., as valued by Everett and Whibley, Valuers, at or under cost price	£66,122 15 0
Utensils-in-trade, fixtures, horses and carts, valued by Everett and Whibley	17,699 10 0
Freehold and leasehold premises, as valued by Worsfold and Hayward, of Dover	26,700 0 0
Sundry loans and shares, as on 31st December, 1900	2,625 0 0
	£113,147 5 0

To which there should be added the additional working capital to be provided by the present issue 50,000 0 0

Thereby increasing the assets, exclusive of goodwill, to £163,147 5 0

Messrs. Kennett and Prince, who have had the active management of the business for some years past, have agreed to serve as Directors and Managers of the Company for seven years from the date of incorporation.

The originals of copies of all the contracts mentioned in the Prospectus, and a copy of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, may be seen at the offices of the Company's solicitors at any time between two and four o'clock on any day before the Subscription List is closed.

A brokerage of 1s. per share will be paid by the Company on shares allotted in respect of applications made on forms bearing a broker's stamp.

It is intended that an application shall be made in due course to the Committee of the Stock Exchange for a settlement in and a quotation of the Preference Shares.

The minimum subscription on which the Directors will proceed to allotment is the whole of the Preference Shares now offered for subscription.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Royal Plans.

All sorts of rumours are flying about as to King Edward's and Queen Alexandra's plans for the summer. Their Majesties, like humbler mortals, prefer to leave their holiday plans, as much as may be, unsettled till the last moment. It seems, however, probable that, after the close of a to them exceptionally fatiguing and trying Season, the King and Queen will make Osborne their headquarters during August, and Balmoral their home in the autumn. It is probable that the King will, as has been his custom for years past, go through a "cure" at Homburg or Marienbad; almost certainly the former place will be chosen, owing to its proximity to Friedrichshof. The departure of the Sovereign and his Consort last week for their Norfolk home caused some surprise, but even a few days at Sandringham always does them the greatest good.

The Waterloo Day Princess.

June 18 will not, it is to be feared, be remembered, at any rate for the present, with much satisfaction by either the Emperor or Empress of Russia. It is to be hoped that the Grand Duchess Anastasia will never know when she blossoms out, as she doubtless will do, into a pretty and charming Princess with what very mixed feelings she was welcomed. It should, however, not be forgotten that the Empress of Russia's own mother had five daughters and but two sons, and the Imperial couple are both quite young—indeed, it has been formally prophesied that Her Imperial Majesty will give birth to seven daughters before Heaven blesses her with the much-wished-for Cesarewitch.

The Grand Duchess Anastasia will have nothing to complain of during her babyhood, for the Russian Imperial nurseries are the most luxurious in the world, and probably no children living are watched with more devoted and intelligent care than those of the Emperor Nicholas and the Empress Alix. At the time of the birth of the elder Grand Duchess, the little Olga, who was wittily nicknamed by the Parisians the "Czarinettes," incredible stories of the splendour and costliness of the Imperial *layette* were current. It is, I believe, an actual fact that even the pins used in the Peterhof nurseries are all of solid gold, and, whenever it is possible, the same precious metal, or, at least, silver, replaces the iron, tin, and brass in use elsewhere.

The Stafford House Fête.

To-night's great function at Stafford House promises to be not only the social event of the first Season of the Century, but something quite unique in the way of a charity fête. The beautiful young Duchess of Sutherland certainly deserves success. Even during her recent holiday she was thinking out and planning the various details of the delightfully artistic menu to be set before her paying-guests, and her letter to the Press was a model of what such epistles should be, and obtained an honoured place in the columns of the *Times*. Her Grace will be assisted in doing the honours of her historic mansion by no less than five Duchesses, who intend, it is confidently asserted, to be all present in person.

Supper £50 a Table.

Those fortunate people who wish to entertain their friends to supper in one of the most beautiful of the State rooms which form so interesting a feature of the Duke of Sutherland's London palace will begin by paying £50 for the mere loan of the table, and as, presumably, each table will hold only some dozen guests, each *couvert* will represent a fraction over £4 before the *hors d'œuvres* have even been served.

"All in a Garden Fair."

If the young Duchess can only cajole the Clerk of the Weather Office as successfully as she has always succeeded in doing, in the cause of sacred charity, even higher and more impressive potentates than he, most of her guests will do well to spend the greater portion of the evening in

the lovely garden which, notwithstanding its comparatively restricted limits, is perhaps the most rural and deliciously quiet spot within a stone's-throw of St. James's Street—indeed, the grounds of Stafford House can compare, though on a diminutive scale, with the stately pleasaunce which separates Marlborough House from the Mall. To-night the garden will be hung with thousands of tiny lanterns, and Mr. Ben Greet and his Company will perform the "Comedy of Errors" amid its sylvan glades.

The Ducal Host.

The Duke of Sutherland, who may well be proud of the charming personality of his brilliant and beautiful Duchess, is one of the most capable and clever wearers of the strawberry-leaves, as well as, I fancy, the greatest of Scottish landowners. Cromartie Sutherland-Leveson-Gower, Duke of Sutherland, can look back to a long line of worthy ancestors; indeed, the Barony held by him, that of Strathnavar, was created in 1228. Curiously enough, the Earldom of Sutherland came into the family through a woman, the powerful, clever "Duchess-Countess," as she was called, who, though she was Ambaress at the Court of Louis XVI. and the intimate friend of Marie Antoinette, is still remembered by some of the very old people on the Cromartie estates.

The Duke of Sutherland will be fifty next month, but he bears his years gallantly, and has inherited his fair share of the good looks of the kindly Duchess Annie, who was the late Sovereign's beloved friend for so many years. During many years of his life as Marquis of Stafford, his Grace was one of the most notable matrimonial *partis* in Society, and great was the surprise and chagrin among match-making mothers when his engagement to the still schoolgirl daughter of Lord and Lady Rosslyn was announced in 1884, he being at the time three-and-thirty, while his lovely but as yet unknown bride-elect had but recently celebrated her sixteenth year. As Lord and Lady Stafford, the young couple made themselves immensely popular in the Highlands, and also in Staffordshire and Shropshire; accordingly their accession to the title, which took place nine years ago, was hailed with the greatest delight by all those—the Duke is owner of over a million acres—whose fortunes are more or less intermingled with those of the great Scottish noble and his philanthropic Duchess.

The Duke of Sutherland is quite as interested in public matters as is his wife. He has long actively concerned himself with various corps of Yeomanry and Militia, and he has done much to bring into

its present state of efficiency the Staffordshire Yeomanry. For twelve years he sat as Liberal member for Sutherlandshire, and as Mayor of Longton he won golden opinions from the Burgesses of that picturesque little town. He is a keen sportsman, a good shot, a patient angler, and an enthusiastic yachtsman—indeed, probably the holidays most enjoyed by himself and by the Duchess are those spent on the deck of the *Catania*. He is also the kindest of uncles to a large circle of nephews and nieces. It is to be hoped that his heir, the present Marquis of Stafford, a well-grown lad of thirteen, will follow in his footsteps.

Philanthropic Society.

One asks oneself what Society would be were it not for philanthropy. The two great social events of this week, and, for the matter of that, of the Season, are the aforesaid aristocratic Stafford House Fête and the great County Sale, which will fill the Military Exhibition at Earl's Court to-morrow, Friday, and Saturday with a brilliant crowd of fair women and brave men all intent on buying and selling, though it has been whispered that the most important item in these great charitable bazaars is the amount realised by the gate-money. The Duke of Cambridge, who seems more vigorous than he has done for years, will open the Sale on the first day, and he will be succeeded on Friday by the Secretary of State for War.



THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND,
WHO HAS GENEROUSLY THROWN OPEN HIS LONDON HOUSE FOR THE GREAT FÊTE
TO-NIGHT IN AID OF THE ROYAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION.
Photo by Barraud's, Oxford Street, W.

*Captain Waite,
Champion-at-Arms.*

The Military Tournament again proved demonstration the high standard of efficiency attained by our soldiers and sailors. The competitions on the concluding days were, with the exception of what is known as the Empire Series, reserved for officers—the commissioned ranks—of the

Regular and Auxiliary Forces. In the dismounted events, Foil *v.* Foil and Sabre *v.* Sabre, the Volunteers more than held their own against the prowess and the skill of their comrades of the Regular Service, the victories of Lieutenant Hobbs and Captain Brett, of the Civil Service Rifles, to wit. In the mounted competitions, Sword *v.* Sword, Sword *v.* Lance, Lemon-Cutting, Heads and Posts, Tent-Pegging, and Riding and Jumping, there were but few entries from the Auxiliary Forces, and the Regulars had it all pretty well their own way.

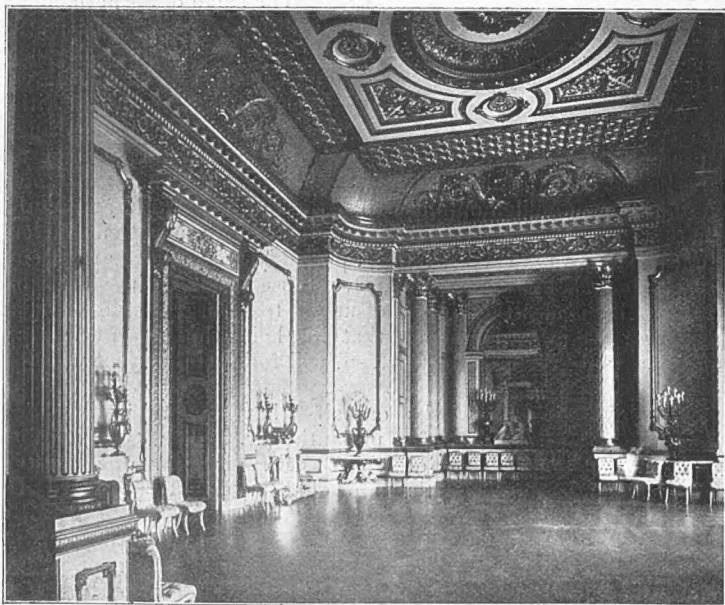


CAPTAIN AND RIDING-MASTER A. W. WAITE,
CHAMPION OFFICER-AT-ARMS AT THE ROYAL MILITARY
TOURNAMENT.

Photo by Dodington, Upper Street, N.

Cutting, scoring in the three series no fewer than forty-eight marks, which is considered to be a remarkably high percentage. This is the first occasion upon which Captain Waite, who is a typical Hussar, and a well-known competitor at Islington, has been Champion Officer-at-Arms at the Royal Tournament, but he was the Champion Officer-at-Arms in Ireland five years ago. He was employed on special service in the Remount Department in South Africa in the early stages of the War, and returned last year.

A Quiet Goodwood. The first Goodwood of the Century will be graced by the presence of none of our home Royalties. The Duke of Richmond will not, it is said, be even in residence at Goodwood House, and Lord March is still in South Africa. Lord and Lady Settrington, who have just been entertaining Earl Roberts and the Hon. Aileen Roberts, may occupy Lord March's charming house, but it is quite possible that they also will not care to share in the sadly diminished glories of the Sussex Fortnight.



THE BANQUETING-HALL AT STAFFORD HOUSE.

Photo by H. N. King, London.

A City Event.

A notable City event will take place in the third week of next month, and many people who would otherwise have left town will linger on in order to be present at Lord Milner's admission to the Freedom of the City. The occasion will be invested with all possible pomp and circumstance, and the Lord Mayor will give a lunch in honour of the great Proconsul. Many notable ceremonies of the kind have been held at the Guildhall, but few invested with a more striking and, it might almost be said, romantic character. Not so very many years ago, Lord Milner, as a youthful member of the Fourth Estate, was often present at City conversaziones. How little he could then have thought that it would one day be his fate to receive the Freedom of the City! And it is quite possible that several of the distinguished journalists who once hailed Lord Milner as a promising younger comrade will be present to see him thus honoured.

*Monument to the
late Prince
Christian Victor.*

Perhaps no more pathetic memorial to our fallen soldiers in South Africa will be raised than that to be erected over the grave of the lamented eldest son of the much-loved Princess Christian in the Pretoria Cathedral burial-ground. Although the grandson of our late beloved Sovereign and the hero of six campaigns, the Prince was but a Captain and Brevet-Major of the old 60th when he died, so in his case, at least, there was no royal road to promotion. Yet a better soldier and a better son never lived. Queen Victoria took a great interest in the memorial now finished in this country, and, by her wish, the cross and kerb are of Balmoral granite from the Royal estate. The railing is of metal cast from guns which had done good service for the Prince's own beloved country, and the whole work was carried out from



STAFFORD HOUSE, THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S LONDON RESIDENCE.

Photo by H. N. King, London.

suggestions made by Princess Christian. Numerous appropriate texts embellish the cross and base, but those on three sides of the latter are peculiarly touching: "I have fought a good fight"—Hazara 1891, Miranzai 1891, Isazai 1892; "I have kept the faith"—Ashanti 1895, Soudan 1898; "I have finished my course"—Natal 1899, Transvaal 1900." On a gun-metal plate is the inscription, "Born at Windsor Castle, April 14, 1867; died at Pretoria, October 29, 1900."

*The late Earl of
Moray.*

The late Earl of Moray, who was known up to 1895 as Mr. Stuart-Gray of Kinfauns, and in that year, as a great-grandson of the ninth Earl, succeeded the fifteenth Earl, was the representative of one of the most ancient and distinguished peerages in the kingdom. Extending back to the thirteenth century, the earldom was frequently forfeited for treason or misfortune, but always, after a time, re-granted. The late Earl, who took a personal interest in ecclesiastical affairs in Scotland, was a popular and generous landlord and leaves a considerable fortune. He was greatly attached to Darnaway Castle, the ancestral seat of his house not far from Forres, in Morayshire. The Castle is situated on a romantic stream, and is surrounded by the most extensive oak-forest in the kingdom. In the forest is an ancient heronry, founded by the famous Regent Moray of Queen Mary's time; and in the huge Randolph Hall in the ancient portion of the Castle, capable of containing a thousand men-at-arms, Mary Queen of Scots held her first Council after her widowhood. The late Earl chose a lovely spot in the forest, about a mile from the Castle, as his place of sepulture, and here the fifteenth Earl of Moray was laid to rest on the Wednesday of last week.

*Captain J. A. L.
Haldane.*

Captain James Aylmer Lowthorpe Haldane, who has just been attached to the Intelligence Division at the War Office, is a kinsman, but not a brother, as nearly every newspaper has asserted, of Mr. R. B. Haldane, M.P., whose recent patriotic speech on the War attracted so much attention.

Nineteen years ago, he joined the Gordon Highlanders, with which regiment he saw a great deal of service in Indian Frontier campaigns. He took part in the famous charge at Dargai, and won the Distinguished Service Order for his heroism and work in our great Eastern Dependency. Accompanying the 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders to South Africa, he was severely wounded at Elands-laagte in the early days of the War,



MISS CYNTHIA BROOKE (MRS. FRED LATHAM) AND CHILD.

Photo by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

and had barely recovered when he was captured by the Boers after they had wrecked the armoured train at Chieveley, of which he was in command. After four months' confinement in Pretoria, he eluded the vigilance of his jailers, and last year published the full story of his escape along with Lieutenant Mesurier. Wielding a facile and graphic pen, Captain Haldane should form a valuable addition to the War Office staff.

A Big-Game Paradise.

Sir Harry Johnston has returned with many items of good news about Uganda, including twelve kinds of rubber-trees, which may well make those engaged in the rubber industry prick their ears. It seems also to be a paradise for big game, and he has seen a new species of giraffe, a new species of zebra, and several new species of antelopes, which has led the Special Commissioner to think that the Colonial Office ought to make this region a national park or reserve where shooting of the rarer wild animals will not be permitted. Then he comes with the story of ape-like men, quite distinct from the Congo dwarfs. The heart of the Uganda Protectorate can now be reached from London, *via* Mombasa, by means of the Uganda Railway in about fifteen days. Professor Ray Lankester pronounces the giraffe-like creature devoid of horns, called Okapi, sent by Sir Harry to the Natural History Department of the British Museum, as akin to the extinct helladotherium. Fossil remains of this animal were first discovered near Athens.

A Late Arrival at St. Stephen's.

New members of the House of Commons were surprised the other night when a comparatively young man, with bronzed face, advanced to the table without sponsors and took the oath. This was Mr. Bromley-Davenport's first appearance in the present Parliament. Being an original member, he did not require to be introduced. The Unionists hailed him with a hearty cheer, and the Speaker shook hands with him cordially. He had been at "the Front" with the Imperial Yeomanry. Although Mr. Bromley-Davenport has a slight figure and a face which usually looks delicate, he has been a first-rate football-player in his day, and is still full of vigour. Old members remember how persistent he was in former Sessions as a Parliamentarian. He was first returned for the Macclesfield Division in 1886, when only twenty-four.

Idle Members.

Complaints continue to be made of Unionist members who will not attend the House regularly. They would sit on the green benches every night and all night if there were a Gladstone rushing heroic measures or raising an agitation. But they cannot endure dullness. "It appears to me," wrote Charles Dickens about half-a-century ago, "that the House of Commons and Parliament altogether is become just the dreariest failure and nuisance that ever bothered this much-bothered world." So say some of those Unionists who were rash enough to enter the present Parliament. They will gladly attend on great occasions to cheer Mr. Balfour and shout down the other "fellows" and vote straight. But to remain on the premises night after night till the bores are closed is almost more than they will do even to oblige the Whip.

Cynthia Brooke. A charming and graceful actress of exceptional power and distinction, the wife of Mr. F. G. Latham plays a delightful part in a domestic comedy of her own, as is aptly indicated in the accompanying photograph. Whilst Mr. Latham discharges with characteristic energy and ability the duties of Business Manager at Her Majesty's during Mr. Maurice Grau's brilliant Bernhardt season, his accomplished wife (Miss Cynthia Brooke) adorns the stage of Penley's Theatre in Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's sprightly play, "A Lady from Texas."

Charitable Cyclists. Edinburgh held a grand Cyclists' Fancy-Dress Parade for the Scotsman Shilling War Fund, which resulted in a collection of over six hundred and fifty pounds. About five hundred cyclists took part in the parade, dressed in striking and grotesque costumes. The prize for costume and machine-dressing was awarded to Miss Anderson for her "Old Woman in a Shoe." The gentleman's costume-prize was gained by Mr. E. O. Rowland as a "Red Indian" in full war-paint. The prize for the best gentleman's bicycle decoration went to Mr. E. R. Forrester for his design of a gunboat, and the prize for the best gentleman's combination was divided between Mr. George Dougall, who appeared as a Butterfly, and Mr. J. T. Kirkness, as a Chinese Mandarin. Edinburgh turned out bravely to witness the parade, from the Waverley Market, through the Old Town to the West-End, back to St. Andrew Square. Thousands of spectators lined the route, and enjoyed a very pretty, picturesque spectacle.

Mr. Christie's Parties.

The Astronomer-Royal had two delightful afternoon-parties at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich Park, last week. Mr. and Mrs. Christie received their guests in the magnificent Octagon Room, which is situated in the original portion of the Observatory. An unmatched view of the Thames is obtained from the south-west window of this room. It contains a wonderful collection of portraits, principally engravings; and it seemed almost incongruous that people should "small-talk" and take tea and strawberries-and-cream in such a noble apartment. The Astronomer-Royal's guests were taken round the Observatory in parties that were "personally conducted" by his assistants, all of whom were kindness personified.

Madame Réjane's Equipage.

Madame Réjane's fine mules are of the purest Andalusian variety. They stand, as nearly as possible, fifteen hands high, and were given to her last year by the King of Portugal. They have accompanied her wherever she has been since, and, before coming to London on her present visit, they created no small commotion in Dublin, where



"FAIR WOMEN" AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY: MRS. JARROLD ROBERTSHAM.

Photographed for "The Sketch."

"Madame Sans-Gêne" opened her season in the British Islands. Whilst in London, Madame Réjane's *cocher* is piloted by a footman in black livery, who, sitting beside him on the box, by contrast heightens the dazzling effect of his own cream livery.

A Fortunate Actress.

While the exceptional actress at home gathers coronets, her sister on the other side of the Atlantic gathers that which procures coronets. That, at all events, is the experience of Miss Mary Wilson, one of the six pretty maidens in a company playing "Florodora" in America. It all came, of course, out of the recent mad speculation which resulted so disastrously in the panic. For Miss Wilson, however, it has meant a fortune to the tune of over £150,000. The remarkable thing is that it was all made out of her savings of £400, that sum invested in Union Pacific having been the starting-point of a fortune of two-thirds the amount, or £100,000, while a subsequent investment of £2000 in Southern Pacific stock brought her £50,000.

Madame Loubet's Fashions.

At the Grand Prix this year (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) the official box where M. Loubet presided had an elegance and a beauty which has scarcely been seen there since the days of the Empire. The official ladies of the two preceding Presidencies scarcely brought the President's box, in the matter of toilettes, up to the level of the Grand Stand. Madame Carnot had distinction, but she dressed like a Quakeress, while Madame Félix Faure, and in general the ladies who surrounded her, lacked both distinction and taste. The change is notable. Madame Loubet was very elegant in painted muslin covered with Venetian lace. Madame Waldeck-Rousseau brings a great deal of distinction to the official party. She is exquisite, and dresses in perfect taste. But the honours of the party this year go to the bride of the Palais-Bourbon, Madame Paul Deschanel, who was in white with a bolero of old-rose satin and a big hat of white plumes and pink roses, and was delicious.

Longchamps is notorious for coincidences. The horses numbered nine on the card won four times in succession, and the mock race at the Opera on the Saturday night fell to Chéri, the actual winner of the big race.

When the French Government decided on the suppression of book-makers, who accepted any bet down to two or three pence, it was imagined that, by fixing at five francs at the Pari-Mutuel machine the smallest bet, the working-classes would be prevented from gambling. It has proved to be the greatest possible fallacy. During the fortnight that commenced at Chantilly with the Derby and ended at Longchamps with the Grand Prix, over £600,000 was invested at the boxes, and private bets would double this huge sum. Taking the cost of tickets for entrance and railway-fares, it may easily be computed that £2,000,000 has changed hands. The curse of the Pari-Mutuel is its Sphinx-like mystery. It may give back two thousand francs for ten, or only a few sous.

Author and his Play.

When the dramatic authors come back from a well-deserved holiday at the seaside, I hear that a very novel point, alike to dramatist and manager, will be raised. The French Dramatic Authors' Society refuses to allow any author to rent a theatre and privately speculate on the chances of his play. Decourcelle would have made a fortune with "Les Deux Gosses" if this rule had not prevailed, and what Rostand would have made with "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon" is a dream. The managers oppose any change in this arrangement, contending that the authors would hand them the tares and keep the wheat; but it is quite possible that several of the wealthier dramatists will withdraw from the Society and found their own theatres.

The King of the Belgians.

I saw the King of the Belgians in the Rue de la Paix the other afternoon. The Congo troubles had evidently had a very big effect on him, for he had nothing of his usual debonair appearance, and he limped painfully.

The Trianon Fête.

The toy hamlet of Marie Antoinette at Little Trianon, which has been silent for a hundred years, with no cows in the stables, no cheese in the dairy, no shepherdesses dancing on the lawn, is to wake up, and its long-dead echoes are to ring again for a day. The ladies of Paris are to give there, on the 27th, a charity fête, and they will reconstitute the life as nearly as they can. The Countess de la Rochefoucauld, the Duchess d'Uzès, the Countess Greffulhé, the Princess de Wagram, the Duchess de Rohan, and others, will replace as well as they can the improvised dairy-maids who were Marie Antoinette, Madame de Polignac, Madame de Lamballe. Ladies in costume will people anew the "dove-cote," guard the Temple of Love, and, with be-ribboned crooks, run after the sheep. The little mill whose water still runs merrily over the stones will have a miller for one sun-up to down, with sacks

of corn to grind. The subject lends itself to gaiety, and the caricature-men are already showing aristocratic maidens in enormous hats and trained skirts trying to milk cows they never saw before, while a valet holds the cow's tail and peasants look hilariously on.

There is a Little Trianon at Paris where there are no memories either of milk-maids or Queens. It is the Palace of M. Boni de Castellane, begun with his wife's American millions and which is still unfinished for want of funds. The work broke off some two years ago, and, if I am not mistaken, the property is attached for debt. It stands in the Avenue of the Bois de Boulogne, to the right, very near the entrance to the Bois. Its magnificent rose marbles give an idea of luxury in expense which, however she was accused of extravagance, Marie Antoinette could have known nothing about. But the liveliest impression it makes on the eye is that of a piece of unconsidered folly.

I was right when I said the other day that celebrated beauties never quite leave this mortal sphere, and I should have added that, if they do not come to Paris before they die, they are sure to come

afterwards. The Parisians are pretending that they have got within their walls this week the mummy of the celebrated Greek courtesan Thaïs—she who accompanied Alexander the Great to Egypt and remained there to give two sons and a daughter to Ptolemy Lagi. It is M. Al. Gayet, of the Guimet Museum, who has discovered Thaïs and brought her to Paris, with thirteen other mummies discovered by him on the site of the Greek village of Antinoë, in Northern Egypt.

All Paris is running to see the famous beauty. She is again in gala-dress, surrounded with garlands, palms, pearl necklaces, pieces of money, and vials of perfume. Beside her lies the mummy of an anchorite whose name was Serapion, belted and collared, and with arms and legs clasped with enormous iron rings, instruments of torture which were to gain him entrance into another world. The contrast of these two is dramatic.

The Paris Dynamite Robbery.

The robbery of the American Express Company's office by means of dynamite will, I hear, afford one of the most sensational trials for many years. If *The Sketch* were an evening journal, I could unfold a tale that would make Sherlock Holmes put on his hat and go out into the cool of the evening and think.



MISS MARY WILSON (ONE OF THE PRETTY MAIDENS OF "FLORODORA" IN AMERICA), WHO WON 750,000 DOLLARS IN WALL STREET AND PROPOSES TO SPEND IT IN LONDON.

One of the "King's Men."

Lieutenant-Colonel Colin J. Mackenzie has had an eventful military career. Joining the 2nd Battalion of the famous Seaforth's from the Bedford Regiment in May 1881, he served in the following year with the 1st Battalion at Tel-el-Kebir. Since then he has fought in Burma (twice), with the Hazara and Waziristan Expeditions, and in the Soudan. Among his Staff appointments, he was A.D.C. to Earl Roberts when Commander-in-Chief in India, and D.A.A.G. of the Quetta District. During the South African Campaign he has held various important positions, as Director-General of Military Intelligence and D.A.A.G. on the Lines of Communication, and he was appointed Military Governor of Johannesburg as soon as that city was occupied by the British troops. Recommended most highly by the gallant "Bobs" in his latest despatch, he was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel and given the "C.B.," and he was recently appointed to succeed Brigadier-General Sir H. Settle as Inspector-General on the Lines of Communication. The son of a distinguished Scottish soldier, Major-General Colin Mackenzie, the new Inspector-General was born in India in November 1861, so he is not yet forty. With all his medals and mentions, perhaps the distinction he prizes as highly as any is that he holds the record for the highest individual score ever made at cricket in India.

Major-General Sir Henry Trotter.

In the great military crisis through which this country has recently passed, the Empire has had no more devoted or valuable servant than Sir Henry Trotter. To share in the glory of battle or of conquest has not been his lot. As General Officer Commanding the Home District,



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL COLIN J. MACKENZIE, C.B., INSPECTOR-GENERAL ON THE LINES OF COMMUNICATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Davies Brothers, Pritchard Street, Johannesburg.

it was his post and his duty to remain at home—to fill a post and a duty that only a man of overpowering spirit, of indomitable energy (such as he is possessed of), and the keenest sense of devotion to duty in the face of difficulties that in many, aye, most, cases would be daunting, could hope to fill, especially when his own inclinations would have taken him farther afield. The national emergency required that a man of sound views and equally balanced mind should remain in command of the Metropolitan garrison. Such a man was found in Sir Henry Trotter.

Honoured by His Majesty.

The King has done him honour. One of the first advancements His Majesty conferred upon anyone was that which made General Trotter a Knight Commander of the Victorian Order. It was upon the very day that King Edward went in State to open the first Parliament of his reign. The General was in command of the troops of the day and His Majesty's escort, but, before leaving Buckingham Palace, the King commanded his presence within, and there and then the office of elevation was performed, and it was under his new style, rank, and dignity that Sir Henry Trotter went to Parliament with his Sovereign. His tenure of the Home District Command is now rapidly drawing to a close.

How great a master of detail he is was conspicuously displayed on the occasion of the funeral of the late Queen, when he was in command of the military arrangements both in London and at Windsor, and again,



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY TROTTER, COMMANDER OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES IN THE HOME DISTRICT.

Photo by Lydell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.

even more recently, at the great assemblage on the Horse Guards Parade, when the King presented medals to over three thousand warriors returned from South Africa. General Trotter had three sons in the War. Captain Gerald F. Trotter lost an arm in one of the early stages of the campaign whilst serving with the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, and is now Superintendent of Gymnasia in the Home District. Captain E. H. Trotter, also of the same regiment, was Staff Officer to General Mackinnon when he commanded the City Imperial Volunteers. The General's third son is in a Scottish corps.



CAPTAIN E. H. TROTTER, ONE OF SIR HENRY TROTTER'S SONS AT THE SEAT OF WAR.

Photo by Lydell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.

*Up-the-River
Jaunts.*

Sunday after Ascot is always a busy day in the beautiful river reaches from Maidenhead to Boulter's Lock, as may be judged from *The Sketch* snapshots. You may ramble far and wide in many countries without coming across such delightful river-scenery as the Upper Thames presents. No



ASCOT SUNDAY ON THE RIVER: BOULTER'S LOCK, FROM THE BRIDGE.

wonder house-boats and riverside bungalows are in such request at summer-time. The invigorating plunge into the clear stream of a morning, the musical plash of the oars as you row a pretty companion in muslin past verdant meadows and noble woods, pausing for picnic under the drooping willows—these are some of the pleasures that make a refreshing stay up-the-river not only a present delight, but a joy to remember.

*Masonic
Institution for
Boys.*

The excellently managed Royal Masonic Institution for Boys at Wood Green was on Monday the scene of an interesting prize-presentation, which formed a fitting prelude to the 103rd anniversary festival of this invaluable school, which is to take place this (Wednesday) evening at the Crystal Palace, under the Chairmanship of the Right Hon. W. W. B. Beach, M.P., "Father of the House of Commons," Provincial Grand-Master of Hampshire, and Trustee of the Institution. Quite apart from its laudable philanthropic object, this great Masonic festival is, like the splendid benevolent Institution it enriches, a model of good management, proving the indefatigable Secretary, Bro. J. M. McLeod, to be not only a Past but a Present Master in the difficult art of organisation.

*Provident
Newsvendors.*

The Lord Mayor of London (Mr. Alderman Frank Green) has it in his power to help many praise-worthy charities, but it is safe to say he will during his year of office preside over no dinner worthier of public support than the sixty-second annual festival of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, in which Lord Rosebery and Lord Glenesk, the chief Patrons, take so much interest. The banquet at Stationers' Hall on Tuesday night, graced by the presence of the Lady Mayoress and other ladies, was bound to be of greater attractiveness than when "mere men" formed the gathering, as was the case a year or two ago. The little vignette (copied by courteous permission of the zealous Secretary, Mr. W. Wilkie Jones, from the dinner-card) neatly suggests the arduous nature of the newsvendor's calling, and should have stimulated diners to swell the funds with due liberality.



Lobsters. Very few devourers of lobster-mayonnaise have the least idea where the succulent shell-fish are caught. As a matter of fact, there are very few lobsters in the better-known

waters around the English coasts, though Cornwall must be excepted. Norway is a great hunting-ground; and, in a less degree, perhaps Ireland. The vessels engaged in the lobster-fisheries are specially built with very large wells, into which the crustaceans are thrown, and a large proportion of them are carried to Hamble, a pretty village on

Southampton Water, where there are immense stores for both lobsters and crews. There they remain until the orders arrive from London, Birmingham, Manchester, and other large centres, when they are sent off alive in hampers, also, like the vessels, specially made. Hamble is renowned for its "shell-fish teas," and also for the training-ship for poor boys established there by Mr. Hoare, the well-known banker and philanthropist.

*An Imperial
Naval Reserve.*

It is pleasing to learn that the result of the experiment initiated last autumn of enlisting fifty of the hardy fishermen of Newfoundland into the Naval Reserve, and taking them for a six months' cruise in H.M.S. *Charybdis* to the West Indian Islands, has been most encouraging. *The Sketch* gave some account of the experiment at the time, and, in spite of the dangers of prophecy, ventured to foretell the success of the scheme. Indeed, the men, on their return home, were greeted as heroes, and the six months' training is said to have transformed raw, loutish recruits into fine, smart, and stalwart men, the admiration of the Newfoundland Capital. As the fishermen of the "Banks" are condemned to almost complete idleness during the long winter, the prospect of fair pay, good clothing, and a cruise in pleasant latitudes is very tempting, and it is said the Admiralty will in future be able to rely on an unlimited number of recruits. The favourable report of Commodore Gifford, of the *Charybdis*, has determined the authorities to increase the contingent for next autumn to two hundred men, and H.M.S. *Calypso* is to go out as a permanent training-ship, it being intended that the inauguration shall take place during the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York's visit in October. The gallant fifty Reservists, of whom no

less than forty have been advanced to the rating of qualified seamen, will take part in the Naval Review and be inspected by His Royal Highness.

Too Much Wine.

A curious result (writes a viticulturist) of the splendid vintage of last year has been that the market is absolutely overstocked with the cheaper kinds of wine. Round about Bordeaux, in Burgundy, and in the Nivernais the glut has been so great that the growers have been glad to get rid of their produce at very low rates. But this superabundance has also told upon Italy, Spain, and Portugal. It is no secret that in bad years, and, indeed, in most years, the wine-merchants of Bordeaux have supplemented their *crus* by judiciously mixing them with Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian juice. Now they do not want any foreign auxiliaries, and their neighbours are loud in lamentation. Brandy ought to go down in price if the immense quantity made be taken into consideration; but, as a matter of fact, high-class Cognac rarely goes below a certain figure, though it often rises in the quotations.

*The American
Rush.*

On undoubted authority, I can positively state that the King was quite recently made (of course, through a third party) an offer for Marlborough House by an American millionaire. The same gentleman also suggested a transfer of Sandringham. Of course, the negotiations were nipped in the bud, but, in view of the sale of Cliveden to Mr. Astor by the late Duke of Westminster, there was nothing very extraordinary in the proposal. What English people do not even yet understand is that there is nothing sacred to our Transatlantic cousins.



ASCOT SUNDAY ON THE RIVER: LEAVING BOULTER'S LOCK.

*The King's
Champion.*

The presentation to Edward VII. of the suit of armour worn by the individual who, as King's Champion, attended at the Coronation of English Monarchs from the days of William the Conqueror down to the crowning ceremony on the Accession of George IV.; brings a little-known official of former times and his post before the public. Though some regard the office as hereditary, and other authorities deny this, the Championship, the most striking relic of feudalism that has come down to our times from the ages of chivalry, has continued in one family; and Mr. Frank S. Dymoke, the present occupant of Scrivelsby Court, near Horncastle, may, without fear of disproof, claim descent from the earliest holder of the dignity. Sir John Dymoke officiated at the Coronation of Richard II., and the present holder of the name will doubtless offer his services at the Coronation of King Edward. Sir Walter Scott attended the ceremony of "the Challenge" at the Coronation of George IV.—he introduces such a scene, it will be remembered, into "Redgauntlet"—and he avers that young Dymoke "threw down the gauntlet with becoming manhood." The ancient suit of armour, which will eventually find a place in the guard-room at Windsor, is certainly not the least interesting of the antique relics of which His Majesty has of late become possessor.

*The King's
Harpist.*

While it was a matter of necessity that King Edward should effect numerous changes among Royal servants and officials, it was a foregone conclusion that this would be done with all the grace and tact of which His Majesty every now and again exhibits his possession in large measure. In many cases the King has continued the appointments of the previous reign, and he has done so with the famous Welsh harpist, Mr. John Thomas, his appointment as Honorary Harpist to the King creating much satisfaction among the artist's kinsfolk. For many years during the late Queen's reign Mr. Thomas played in the Band, although his relationship to it was different in kind from that of other members, owing to the circumstance that his main work lay with the harp as a solo instrument. When Mr. Thomas's place was taken by the only lady member of the Royal Band, he himself was permitted to retain the honorary title.

*Advertising
Enterprise.*

The first year of the Century is memorable for as notable an example of publishing pluck as I ever remember. An annual undertaking of considerable enterprise is the preparation of the fresh edition of "Sell's Dictionary of the World's Press"—a bulky volume nearly as large as that wonderful work, the "Post Office London Directory." Well, notwithstanding the discouraging circumstance that a great part of the issue printed was destroyed by fire, Mr. Henry Seli took heart of grace, reprinted the sheets, and brought out his invaluable Directory for 1901 in time to be of infinite service to advertisers and editors. Its numerous portraits are of more than ordinary interest.

Mr. Seli's public spirit does not stop here. He presents each purchaser of his Press Directory with a copy of the remarkably compact Illustrated handbook he produced for the Swan Electric Engraving Company—a work faithfully mirroring the faces of prominent journalists past and present, and tracing the "Progress of British Newspapers in the Nineteenth Century." This last-named brochure is published separately by Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court, E.C., the great London firm which does for booksellers what Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son do for the news trade.



MISS ISA BOWMAN, A VARIETY THEATRE FAVOURITE.

Photo by Taber's Studios, New Bond Street, W.

*London Actors v.
Provincial Actors.*

The second annual match between the London Actors and Provincial Actors took place on the 14th inst. at the Oval, Kennington (the Surrey County Club having kindly given the use of the ground), on behalf of the Actors' Benevolent Fund and the Actors' Orphanage. The game commenced shortly after 11 a.m., and was continued until 6.15 p.m. Some very enjoyable sport was witnessed by a fairly numerous attendance, the profession being well represented. The London Actors went in first, and when, at 3.15, the score stood at 261, the innings was declared, with five wickets down, R. Selby having made a brilliant score of 93, which included one five and ten fours. The Provincials fared rather badly at the hands of their Metropolitan rivals, but Leslie Holland, who opened the innings, played extremely well, carrying out his bat for the respectable total of 57. R. Evert, for the London Actors, took four wickets for forty-one runs.

Ackerman May,
Reeve Denbigh, Sydney Barraclough, E. O'Neill.R. Selby.
C. Childerstone.F. R. Benson, A. Court,
Oscar Asche, Douglas Munro, O. Tidman, A. Whitby, Leslie Holland.D. J. Williams, C. Aubrey-Smith, Robert Eyett, J. M. Capel, H. B. Warner, P. Knight, Arthur Whittaker, A. S. Holmewood,
R. Kimpton, Conway Tearle, F. S. Tidden, H. Mills, R. Bryant.

LONDON v. PROVINCIAL ACTORS AT THE OVAL, JUNE 14, 1901.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. LANG SIMS, BRIXTON ROAD.

THE SOCIAL JESTER



A THOUGHTFUL WEEK-END—IN LONDON.

TO the mind of the ordinary bachelor in London, my dear young lady, the very phrase "Week-end" at once suggests an out-of-date time-table, a maltreated Gladstone-bag, four cabs, two railway journeys, a preposterous hotel-bill, several whiskies-and-sodas on Sunday night, and an unshaven chin on Monday morning. Eliminate the whisky from the soda, and you may take it that I speak from experience. So that I, in common with every other bachelor in London, have tired of such uncertain joys. I want to hit upon some means of spending Saturday to Monday in such a way that it may also be within one's means to spend from Monday to Saturday. Thus it came about that, not so many moons ago, I passed a thoughtful Week-end in London.

My first desire was to obtain a much-needed rest; my second to economise; and my third to put to a practical test a philanthropic scheme for the benefit of single men; which should result—as other philanthropic schemes have resulted—in bringing health, wealth, and prosperity to the organiser-in-chief. When, therefore, it was suggested to me by a desperate, but unidea'd acquaintance that we should dine together at a restaurant, and finish out the evening at a theatre or a music-hall, I silenced the plaintive sufferer with a gesture of bored benevolence. Had he proposed that I should be his guest for the evening, it is possible that my answer might have been couched in other terms. Such a suggestion would, at least, have fallen in with my passionate desire to economise. But I had tried the dining-together business before, and generally found myself let in for a period of bickering, combined with a most depressing lack of initiative on the part of my boon-companion when the waiter came round to take our order.

Saturday evening, then, I passed in company with Tennyson, a bottle of lemon-squash, and some gift cigars. Without, cabs jingled, engines hooted, gales blew. Within, I read my Tennyson, sipped my lemon-squash, and smoked my gift cigars until I was exalted to such a plane of soulful sentimentality that I dashed off the latter half of a drawing-room ballad and made my will. Then I went to bed, and dreamt that I was standing in the middle of that open space outside Charing Cross Railway Station whilst all the traffic of London whirled round and round me in the shape of a gigantic Catherine-wheel. I shan't allow any more ladies to give me cigars. Anyhow, not unless I select the brand.



HYDE PARK.
SUNDAY EVENING

On Sunday morning, however, I was so far recovered as to be able to take my *Referee* as usual. I dressed, subsequently and consequently, with my head full of impertinent riddles about various ladies and gentlemen to whom I hadn't even had the honour of an introduction, and found myself still trying to think of an answer to a transposed pill-advertisement when I set out to look at gowned loveliness and frock-coated inertia in the Park.

Soliloquising on gowned loveliness, what a pity it is that women will persist in dressing to annoy each other instead of to please men! The husband puts down a certain sum, and his wife, so far from asking the poor fellow's advice as to her costume, carefully considers how much of envy, hatred, and malice she can arouse in the bosoms of her dearest friends for the money. The dressmaker aids and abets her unnatural design, and the result of their combined uncharitableness is a grotesque defection that makes the man who settles the bill stay in his Club till an early hour the next morning talking to his bachelor friends with all the bitter philosophy of a Boer aunt.

These things I turned over in my mind as I watched the parading crowd in Hyde Park that Sunday morning. It is perfectly true, of course, that I knew, and know, nothing whatever about the matter, but you will easily understand that my reflections on the trials of married life were quite in keeping with the working-out of my philanthropic scheme. Indeed, so pleased was I with the success of my endeavour up



HYDE PARK.
SUNDAY MORNING

to that point, that I visited the Park again in the evening, and noted, with the selfish satisfaction that only an enthusiastic philanthropist knows, that, when the femininity of either East or West London is looking into the matter of its apparel, the ideas of the Lady Hooligan are really very similar to those that occur to the Countess de Cadence.

As in the case of the other crowd, too, pathos appeared to be the keynote of the spectacle. Here was a young woman of barely eighteen summers coquetting outrageously with a lanky Guardsman, unconscious, or, at any rate, regardless, of the mental torture that her affianced husband in the background was suffering. One could easily imagine with what an air of cynicism he would take down the shutters in the morning. There, again, a newly wed couple, wearied out with the effort of keeping up appearances before the critical gaze of their friends, were preparing to trudge back to that fourth-pair-back off the Mile End Road. Even the policeman, strutting about with his absurd air of importance, looked pathetic. A policeman, after all, looks very insignificant from the top of the Big Wheel.

And so, with my hat at a despairing tilt, and a sardonic grin upon my features, I plodded back to that riverside abode that is known to you, dear lady, as my little nest among the stars. As I mounted the stairs, a dolorous creaking reminded me that every other living creature had, wisely or unwisely, left the place deserted. I gazed round my apartment, and noted, gloomily, that the smiling photos still smiled and the frowning pictures still frowned. I looked out of the window into the too-familiar street. A cat, on the other side of the road, was sitting in a doorway and washing her face in a half-hearted manner. I called to her gently, endearingly. The cat, looking up at my mournful face, tried hard to raise a smile. But the effort was too apparent, and she, recognising her failure, waved a melancholy tail and trotted silently away. As for myself, I felt just like that too, the only difference being that it was then too late to trot away.

Chicote

A DAINY QUARTETTE IN "THE TOREADOR,"

THE BRILLIANTLY SUCCESSFUL NEW GAIETY COMIC OPERA.



MISS VIOLET LLOYD, WHO PLAYS SUSAN SO PIQUANTLY.



MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE, WHO IS A BELLE AS ISABELLA.



MISS KITTY MASON, A CHIC AND DAINY INEZ.



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME, ADORABLE AS DORA SELBY.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE ROYAL TOUR.

NEW ZEALAND'S HEARTY WELCOME.

THE "Britain of the South" has vied with the Australian Commonwealth in the heartiness of its loyal welcome to the illustrious tourists, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. Himself one of the best mariners in the Navy, His Royal Highness cannot have failed to be highly gratified at the satisfactory turn of speed shown by his ocean-palace, the *Ophir*, which reached

AUCKLAND

on June 10, a day earlier than was expected. The following day, H.M.S. *Royal Arthur*, the *Pylades*, *Torch*, *Penguin*, *Archer*, and *Sparrow* fired salutes as the *Ophir* entered Auckland's fine inner harbour, escorted by a large fleet of pleasure-steamers. Lord Ranfurly, the popular Governor of New Zealand, went on board H.M.S. *Ophir* with the Premier, Mr. Seddon, who presented the formal address in a casket which cost no less than £600, and will be doubtless a valued souvenir of the visit, as its form, that of a Maori canoe, will recall the loyalty of the natives as well as of the British residents. The City of Auckland (illustrated in last week's *Sketch*) resounded with cheers, it is pleasing to learn, as the Duke and Duchess drove to Government House. Inheriting His Majesty's happy and rare knack of saying the right thing in the right way at the right moment, the Duke invariably replies with apt tact and point to each speech of welcome, and this felicity of phrase has been as notable as ever in his various addresses at Auckland and Wellington and elsewhere. Each sympathetic reference to the alacrity with which the New Zealand Volunteers sped to the Cape to fight for the Motherland against the Boers has touched a responsive chord at home. It is no secret that the King and Queen are extremely gratified to know the geniality of the Duke and Duchess has materially strengthened the ties which now bind more closely than ever the sturdy Colonies to Great Britain.

THE MAORI WAR-DANCE

It may be doubted whether the world will ever again witness the wonderful war-dance with which the loyal Maoris welcomed their Royal Highnesses to Rotorua on June 13. The Duke during his interesting Naval career must often have had occasion to wear curious and startling costumes, but it must have been far from easy even for him

to feel quite at ease in his mat of woven flax, the distinctive item of Maori dress which was worn both by him and by the Duchess! Her Royal Highness's keen sense of humour must have also been somewhat tried when she saw advancing towards her the serried ranks of splendid native warriors, the majority boasting as their only clothing flaxen kilts, while other sported grey flannel trousers, top-hats, and spring-sided boots! The Duchess was particularly interested in the pretty Maori children, thousands of whom were present to witness the brilliant scene.

The photograph of the Maori Haka, or Dance of Welcome, will afford a notion of the liveliness of the native exhibition witnessed by their

Royal Highnesses. The general view of the Rotorua hot springs enables the reader to realise the remarkable volcanic district the Duke and Duchess viewed the same day. The Rotorua Lake is reached after a delightful railway journey of one hundred and eighty miles from Auckland. There was plenty to interest the Royal visitors for two days. The most novel sight was that of the geysers, magnificently impressive and grand in the extreme when the steam-cloud hovers with silvery splendour over the thousand jets, springs, pools, and fountains.

WELLINGTON
FOLLOWED SUIT

on the 18th of June, and with accustomed good taste the Duke

acknowledged the fervour of his greeting. At Government House His Royal Highness conferred the coveted Order of G.C.M.G. upon Lord Ranfurly, who has, with the Countess, striven hard to render the sojourn of the Duke and Duchess in New Zealand as pleasant as possible. Particularly appropriate were the remarks of the Duke after His Royal Highness had laid the foundation-stone of the new Town Hall. Every Englishman will agree with the gallant Sailor Prince's statement that the foundation-stone would be especially valuable if it should assist in preserving the memory of the great Duke of Wellington and the crowning victory of his career in the city named after him.

THE CITY OF DUNEDIN,

Capital of Otago, is another of the most important settlements in New Zealand, and is a most salubrious place to live in. Picturesquely situated in a bay in the South Island, Dunedin is not only a centre of industry and commercial activity, but boasts lovely Botanical Gardens, a beautiful Jubilee Park, a University, an Art Gallery and Museum. It stands as a grand Memorial of its hardy founders, a group of members of the Free Kirk of Scotland. The goldfields discovered near the town of St. Lawrence did much to promote the prosperity of Dunedin, the port and city of which are photographed.



MAORI HAKA, OR DANCE OF WELCOME, SUCH AS THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK WITNESSED AT ROTORUA.



WHAKAREWAREWA, THE NEW ZEALAND HOT-SPRING DISTRICT VISITED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. MARTIN, AUCKLAND.

THE ROYAL TOUR: SOME APROPOS NEW ZEALAND VIEWS.



DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND, FROM ROSSLYN HEIGHTS.



PORT CHALMERS, NEW ZEALAND: PORTOBELLO HARBOUR, THE PORT OF DUNEDIN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE biographer of Sir Walter Besant in the *Athenæum* is quite right in saying that Sir Walter considered that not only were there rogues in the publishing trade, but that practically all publishers somehow took an unfair advantage of the author. He denied that he said all publishers were swindlers, and he was technically correct, but when he was asked to name publishers who were not swindlers he would not reply. I once named a firm of the highest eminence and standing to him as being above suspicion. "I have no hesitation," he answered, "in saying that they are the worst swindlers of the lot." But what Besant really did was not so much to found the Society of Authors as to establish the Literary Agent. The first of the Literary Agents was Besant's particular friend, and in a long career marked by tact and probity he has justified Besant's confidence, and, at the same time, greatly changed the literary market. The whole thing may be put in one sentence: Twenty years ago, authors sought the publishers; nowadays, publishers seek authors of established reputation.

The death of Robert Buchanan has called forth many kindly notices. Considering how severely Buchanan treated his contemporaries—he had hardly a good word to say for anyone save Charles Reade—considering also the violence of his personal attacks, this is creditable to the temper of journalists. In the last period of the nineteenth century there was a curious recrudescence of literary savagery. We had in the early 'fifties an ungenerous and snarling school of critics, and the *Saturday Review*, when Thackerayanism was at its zenith, reflected the spirit of the time. Still, there was no actual brutality. Buchanan would not have resented the title of "a literary savage," and a few representatives of the genus still survive, though I doubt whether the race will be kept up. In reading the notices of Buchanan, I have thought of Gilbert Stuart, who was the literary savage of the eighteenth century. His great object was to exterminate the authors whom he disliked. Among them were Robertson and Henry, the historians. Henry published a solid History of the British Empire, and Stuart wrote to a confederate on the occasion—

David Hume wants to review Henry, but that task is so precious that I will undertake it myself. Moses, were he to ask it as a favour, should not have it—no, not the man after God's own heart. . . . To-morrow morning Henry sets off for London with immense hopes of selling his history. I wish sincerely that I could enter Holborn the same hour with him. He should have a repeated fire to combat with. I entreat that you may be so kind as to let him feel some of your thunder: I shall never forget the favour. If Whitaker is in London, he could give a blow. Paterson will give him a knock. Strike by all means. The wretch will tremble, grow pale, and return with a consciousness of his debility. . . . I could wish that you knew for certain his being in London before you strike the first blow; an inquiry at Cusell's will give this. When you have an enemy to attack, I shall, in return, give my best assistance, and shall aim at him a mortal blow, and rush forward to his overthrow, though the flames of hell should start up to oppose me.

I have seen letters written in the 'nineties not quite so different from Stuart's as might be imagined.

It is of Stuart that the story is told of a journey with some companions from Edinburgh to Musselburgh, which the frequent occasions for "refreshment" protracted over several days. One of the party having fallen asleep near a steam-engine, and awakening before a huge fire, with dusky figures, banging iron doors, and clanking chains, was heard to mutter, "Good God! is it come to this at last?"

Some papers are wrong in speaking of Buchanan as Robert William Buchanan. It should be Robert Williams Buchanan. His mother's maiden-name was Margaret Williams.

Mr. J. M. Dent is now clearly under way with his long-meditated edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson. This edition is to be fully illustrated, and readers may be sure that in Mr. Dent's able hands the illustrations will be satisfactory. Mr. Herbert Railton will contribute nearly a hundred drawings. Mr. Austin Dobson will furnish the topographical introduction, which could not be in better hands, and the general editor will be Mr. Alford Glover. In Ingram's admirable "Illustrated English Library" there is a most excellent and wonderfully cheap illustrated edition of Boswell. It has not yet been superseded; in fact, it is in some respects the best cheap edition in the market, for Dr. Carruthers' notes on the Journey to the Hebrides are of first-rate value.

The proceedings at the Leipzig Publishers' Conference have been of considerable interest. Amongst the English publishers taking part were Mr. Frederick Macmillan and Mr. William Heinemann. Mr. Heinemann dealt with the system of sending books on sale or return, mentioning that it was pursued both in France and Germany. Mr. Heinemann did not entirely advocate the system, but thought it deserved consideration. It was resolved that certain regulations should be drawn up by an International Commission on the principle of supplying books on sale or return or of selling them outright, with a view to uniformity in all countries. The reception given to the members by the town and trade of Leipzig was almost regal.

A young French journalist, M. Charles Legras, who has spent several years in England, is publishing a series of studies on eighteen of our living writers—George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, J. M. Barrie, Pinero, Jones, &c. It is stated that the authors in some instances have helped M. Legras with facts and interpretations.

It is proposed to publish a halfpenny financial paper with a capital of £50,000. o. o.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*The So-called Twentieth Century—The Palmy Days of Palmistry—The Foolishness of the Wise—Meanderings on the Why-ness of the Indescribable—Letters from * * *—Corpse-Finding: the New Society Pastime—Crimeless Criminals.*

ANOTHER missing-relative-and-clairvoyant case has occurred. Obviously, belief in the unbelievable is the feature of the twentieth century, just as disbelief in anything was that of the nineteenth. Occultism is "booming." No doubt, the horrors of war, poisonous beer, and the high price of coal have driven multitudes to spiritualism and mysticism as unto a sure refuge. But there is, as well, a revolt from the agnosticism of recent years. People show a natural and praiseworthy tendency to believe in anything unanimously condemned as absurd by all the hard-headed men of intellect in the country. Whatever discovery these latter make is sure to be exposed within a year by a German philosopher as a contemptible fraud.

There is a cocksure, two-and-two-are-four accuracy about scientific theories which is in itself suspicious. Again, there was a momentary want of a fashionable amusement. Everyone does not play bridge. Autocars and golf are unsuitable for wet weather. Ping-pong makes one hot and vulgar. And the peerage and aristocracy generally, when they are not helplessly intoxicated, as we know from the works of Socialists, must spend the time they have over from neglecting their duties in some reprehensible amusement.

Dead-body-finding is a special branch of occultism. The medium first hires a private detective, who finds the body. The relations are then communicated with, and an offer printed in the daily papers to discover the corpse by clairvoyance. It is then found a second time, publicly, and, if this is delayed for a few days, at so much an hour the business is remunerative. A "winning fee" can also generally be extracted from the heart-broken but grateful relatives. The last corpse found communicated with the medium himself, but refused "any further particulars about himself, as it would greatly upset his dear wife"—a cheering observation for his family. Here is the weak point. Mysticism supplies only useless information on the ultimate destination of mankind and a future world. Let it be put on a business footing and confine itself to the Turf, the Stock Exchange, and, generally, subjects of importance.

Of the genuine nature of these predictions it is pretended that there is no first-hand, substantive proof. From my own personal experience, I can state this to be untrue. I knew a man who told me, less than twenty years ago, that his father-in-law had once met a lady who with her own lips swore to having read in an American magazine about an explorer who deposed authoritatively, on his honour as a traveller, to having found something which had been pointed out to him by a medium. There! I hope that silences, once and for all, these disgraceful attacks.

I have no personal bias towards palmists. Some of them have examined my hands for character and gone away trembling in silence. But their legal position is absurd. If they foretell the future, they are prosecuted as "rogues and vagabonds." But they can pronounce a man's character to be one likely to invest in copper-mines to his advantage in a few days, or with a tendency to marry a widow within the next two years and commit suicide afterwards. With such ease is the coach-and-four tooled gracefully through the Act of Parliament.

In the same way, with a very slight knowledge of astrology, one can predict an international yacht-race in the autumn, some Society engagements towards the end of the Season, storms in October, and the early purchase of London by an American millionaire touring for his health. On a hot day the crystal globe might point to a large number of people seeking refreshment in the restaurants, and a lady carrying a pointed parasol be a sign that someone's eyeball will be injured in the course of the afternoon. These are legitimate deductions from observed phenomena. They simply require highly developed observative powers and a knowledge of mechanics. From his horoscope, Mr. Chamberlain thus seems likely to be some day Leader of the House of Commons, and Lord Kitchener Commander-in-Chief.

We need not ridicule "Christian science," which has many followers outside the idiot asylums, and, no doubt, prevents them doing much worse by keeping them employed. But there is a flaw in their argument that medicine is unnecessary because it was not used in the miraculous cures of Scripture. For what Biblical authority is there, on this principle, for Twopenny Tubes, County Councils, motor-cars, and policemen? There was an anti-nicotine lecturer whose strong argument was that Holy Writ gave no countenance to the use of tobacco! But there is no risk of overcrowding among faith-healers. They are sure to kill themselves off by trying their own "cures" sooner or later.

And some of these new religions lend valuable protection to criminals. If one finds it necessary to dine with one's mother-in-law in cold blood, it can be explained that one is a Peculiar Person, and only carrying out the ordinary routine of the religion, the whole incident being closed by a fine of fifteen shillings, coupled with a cautionary reprimand.

HILL ROWAN.



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER,

AT THE COURT THEATRE, LAUGHS AT THE IDEA THAT "WOMEN ARE SO SERIOUS."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LYDDELL SAWYER, REGENT STREET, W.

DOGS FOR MILITARY SERVICE.

APROPOS OF MAJOR RICHARDSON'S TRIALS OF WAR-DOGS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE MILITARY EXHIBITION.

FOR many years past dogs have been trained for military purposes in the Armies of all the great Continental Military Powers, and although the practice of making use of our canine friends in this way is not by any means original, but merely adapting an old idea to modern requirements, it is possible that, in the event of a European war, this branch of military service would play as prominent a part as ever it did in the struggles of our forefathers. The ancient Britons and Romans invariably included dogs in their ranks, while in mediæval times we read of dogs defending convoys and baggage, and others, clad in mail with scythes and spikes jutting out, being let loose among the enemy with the object of throwing them into confusion preparatory to the onslaught of the main body. Of course, under the present conditions of warfare, dogs as combatant agents in an aggressive or defensive movement would be useless, but, as scouts, messengers, and for the carrying out of certain duties, it remains yet to be seen to what extent they can be used.

IN GERMANY.

where almost every rifle regiment is supplied with a number of these dogs, the matter has been the subject of much consideration and experimenting for the last twenty years, with the result that extensive kennels have been erected and the system properly recognised as a branch of the Army.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA

also learnt the use of these animals, in giving warning of the near approach of an enemy, some time ago by practical experience, and, although perhaps their systems of training are not so perfected or complete as the German, their belief in the value of the dog as a military adjunct is no less deeply rooted. Austria and Italy have also followed the example of the other Powers, and the last two countries to be interested in the matter are Spain and Holland, not to mention the use of dogs in the Philippine War by the Americans. With the idea of studying the methods of the German Army,

MAJOR RICHARDSON,

who is very well known in the "doggie" world, especially in the North of England and Scotland, and who is keenly interested in the matter, spent some time in Germany making himself acquainted with the system there in vogue, and, after considerable experience, became so convinced of the soundness of the system, and the utility of dogs so disciplined to a force in hostile territory, that he himself has trained a number of dogs for similar purposes, and, more particularly to interest the public, is, by permission of the Committee of

THE NAVAL AND MILITARY EXHIBITION

at the Crystal Palace, giving demonstrations in the grounds every afternoon. The selection of the class of dog possessing as many of the necessary qualifications as possible is about the only point on which the Powers show any material difference of opinion, for, whereas Germany uses collies, pointers, and Airedales, Russia fancies the dog of the Caucasus, Austria Dalmatians, Turkey Asiatic sheep-dogs, and France smugglers' dogs, as used on the Belgian frontier, and which are, for the most part, hardy cross-breeds. As a medium-sized dog, very

intelligent, reliable, watchful, and one able to stand any privations, is required, Major Richardson rather

FAVOURS THE GERMAN CHOICE,

being strongly of opinion that black collies, or dogs with some collie in them, are the best fitted for the work, or, at any rate, as far as infantry are concerned. For cavalry, he thinks perhaps a type with more speed might be employed.

Although the list of duties which the dogs are expected to perform may seem somewhat lengthy, there are really none which a dog of little more than average intelligence ought not to be able to master after about six months' training. One of the most important duties, and one which the natural instinctive alertness and power of hearing qualify the dog most ably to do, is that of scouting. When stationed with the advance-, rear-, or flank-guard, he should be the means of keeping up communication with the different units of the column on the march. Secondly, he should act as an outpost to the outpost, and establish communication between pickets, supports, and reserves, besides bringing in messages from the patrols. At night, of course, such services would be additionally valuable. Thirdly, in an engagement, he should be used for transporting reserve ammunition to the firing line and keeping in touch with the different units engaged in the attack. Fourthly, in sieges or investments, he should allow the reduction of sentries on both sides and protect defenders and aggressors from surprise. And, lastly, by helping to

FIND THE MISSING AND WOUNDED

after an engagement in difficult ground, and distributing temporary aid from a bag strapped round his body until the arrival of medical relief, the animal is taught to perform a duty which cannot be over-estimated. If the dogs can be educated to the pitch indicated and trained to carry out instructions given them under the conditions prevailing during actual warfare—which there seems no doubt they can, judging by the whole-hearted manner in which the matter has been taken up by other nations—it is impossible to gauge the value a number of these animals would have been to each of the

columns engaged in the present war, a campaign of surprises and ambuscades. Anyway, it is a matter which deserves the immediate attention of the War Office, and, while there should be no delay in instituting the strictest inquiries into the methods adopted by other countries, the question of expense—notwithstanding the already heavy burdens which the nation has at present to bear—should be entirely ignored.

It is reported in the neighbourhood of Leigh, in Essex, that the Midland Railway Company has the idea of reviving a trans-Channel service between that old-time port and Dunkirk. Certain it is that the great association whose headquarters are still at Derby, though St. Pancras is one of the biggest stations in London, has penetrated into Essex. It would require a vast outlay of capital to convert Leigh into a modern port, but the connection between it and Dunkirk dates back for centuries. Dunkirk, as a commercial focus, is superior to both Calais and Boulogne, and since the London dock strike many British ships unload there in preference to seeking Antwerp as a harbour of refuge. No greater contrast, perhaps, could be afforded than that existing between the sleepy fishing-village on the Thames and the busy French mart which Charles II. disgracefully sold to Louis XIV.



MAJOR E. HUTTONVILLE RICHARDSON AND WAR-DOG.



FINDING THE WOUNDED.



GUARDING BAGGAGE.

From Photographs by Henry, Carnoustie, N.B., courteously lent by Major Richardson.



MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, THE BEAUTIFUL AND TALENTED ACTRESS
WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING THE COMTESSE DE POLIGNAC AND UNDERSTUDYING MRS. LANGTRY IN "A ROYAL NECKLACE," AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FELLOWS WILLSON, NEW BOND STREET, W.

BOOK JOTTINGS OF THE MONTH.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

ONE of the most striking features of the past month has been the continued

POPULARITY OF THE SIXPENNY NOVEL.

When it was started, a few years ago, it was thought that the low-priced work of fiction would have only a fleeting existence for perhaps a season or two. But, to judge by the numbers which are now being published and sold, the sixpenny novel has evidently come to stay. During the present season, about a hundred and fifty new volumes have been issued, the number of each printed varying from twenty thousand to a hundred thousand. Taking the average as forty thousand, this makes a

SALE OF OVER SIX MILLIONS,

which shows there is a large public glad to have good fiction at a price within their reach, and also that the holiday-seeker prefers a readable novel in a complete form to the snippets in our sixpenny magazines.

An important event of the month has been the

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS' CONGRESS,

which has recently concluded its meetings at Leipzig. From a book-selling point of view, it would be impossible to find a more fitting city in which to hold such a Congress, for there was founded in the sixteenth century the first booksellers' association, and at Leipzig to-day is established the great Buchhändlerhaus from which is regulated and controlled the whole of the bookselling trade of Germany. The Congress was interesting and satisfactory, and the entertainments given to the foreign delegates were of the most lavish character. One incident is worth recording, as showing the

UNIVERSALITY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Seven delegates of different nationalities were conversing in English at one of the restaurants, but, strangely enough, not one of them was an Englishman. They could not use their own languages for inter-communication, but they all knew English. This shows that our mother-tongue is taking the place in Continental education which centuries ago was occupied by Latin.

In general literature, nothing of importance has been issued. But, in London,

"TROOPER 8008 I.Y.," BY THE HON. S. PEEL (E. ARNOLD),

will be found most engaging. This volume is by the son of the late Speaker of the House of Commons, and, as a member of the Imperial Yeomanry, the author distinguished himself on several occasions. The book records many exciting events in the South African Campaign and throws much light upon some of the erroneous reports which have been circulated respecting the conduct of our soldiers at "the Front." Although just now there is a great falling-off in the issue of books, yet

FICTION MAINTAINS ITS POPULARITY.

A capital book is "Penelope's Irish Experiences," by Mrs. K. D. Wiggin (Gay and Bird). This volume is, perhaps, the best Mrs. Wiggin has written. She has the gift of humour, and also a happy knack of grasping the comical situations which are so often created by these mirthful but happy-go-lucky people. The book for the lover of good things to take on his holiday trip is

"MORE GALS' GOSSIP," BY A. M. BINSTED (SANDS AND CO.).

This is even fuller of smart and pithy stories than the readable book of which it is a sequel. Every reader of the "Tale Pitcher's" racy notes in the *Sporting Times* will welcome this collection of letters from Maud and others, vividly reflecting the opinions of women upon men and events.

"FOREST TALK," BY JAMES PRIOR (W. HEINEMANN),

is certainly a book to read. It is a story of Nottinghamshire, and in many of its descriptive scenes reminds the reader of Mr. Thomas Hardy's novels. "Love, the Laggard," by Warren Bell, contains some picturesque chapters on behind-the-scenes in theatrical life, and is a very bright novel.

"THE MYSTERY OF THE CLASPED HANDS," BY GUY BOOTHBY (F. V. WHITE AND CO.),

tells of two young artists, one of whom occasionally wrote poetry. The romance is centred in the mysterious murder of the model who sat for one of the artist's pictures for the Academy. How the mystery was eventually unravelled is told by Mr. Boothby in his most fascinating manner. The character-sketches to be found in "Mrs. Green," by E. E. Rynd (J. Murray), will be welcomed in volume form. It is a book full of originality and power, and will certainly hold the reader's attention.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.

A POPULAR PORTRAYER.

A CHAT WITH MR. LOUIS LANGFIER.

MR. LOUIS LANGFIER has been called "The Napoleon of Photography." Two short years ago, the pretty woman and the ambitious statesman seeking immortality by aid of a Langfieri photograph had to journey up to Glasgow, but it may be truly said that "He came, he saw, he conquered," and now his delightful



MR. LOUIS LANGFIER.

Photo by Langfieri, Old Bond Street, W.

habitat, situated in Old Bond Street, within two doors of the historic Truefitt's, is lined with the counterfeit presentments of many of those

FAIR WOMEN AND BRAVE MEN

who have made or who are making history at the present moment. It is there, while waiting to catch Mr. Langfieri disengaged for a few moments, that the visitor becomes aware of what differentiates his work from that of some of his innumerable rivals. A glance at any half-dozen examples of his art reveals the fact that he

possesses an intuitive genius for pose. Mr. Langfieri is an artist first, a photographer afterwards, and this is why his camera gives dignity and sympathetic grace to his plainer sitters—though he would never for one moment admit that he has ever taken a plain sitter—while a beautiful woman taken by him reveals fresh and unexpected charms.

"When did I take up photography?" observed Mr. Langfieri meditatively. "Some seven years ago, when I joined my nephew, L. S. Langfieri, who had already made his reputation in America, and who now represents the firm at Glasgow. I come of a long line of people interested in art, and my experience leads me to believe that a photographer, like a poet, is born, not made. To take my own case, and I do not claim to be anything very extraordinary," he added modestly, "I was successful from the first, and so, after some hesitation, I made up my mind to give London a trial. This was two years ago. Twelve months later saw me established here, for I soon realised that I must begin as I meant to go on, and we know in Glasgow that Old Bond Street is the Hub of the Universe!"

"I take it that you had not long to wait for sitters?"

"When I tell you that my first success was scored with

MRS. ARTHUR PAGET,

you will realise that I was able to count myself exceptionally fortunate. From the first, I made a point of obtaining all the best electrical appliances, and the globular reflector used in my studio is the largest ever made for the purpose. The photographer who has mastered the art of lighting his sitter has practically nothing more to learn; but it is an art, and one, curiously enough, to which the amateur rarely pays the slightest attention. I consider it all-important, even in miniature work, of which, by the way, I have now made for some time a speciality."

"I suppose it would be indiscreet to ask you any questions concerning the idiosyncrasies of your more famous sitters?"

Mr. Langfieri laughed gaily. "Yes and no. Perhaps I may whisper that American ladies are exceptionally good sitters. This is supremely true, for example, of Mrs. Arthur Paget and of the Duchess of Marlborough. Then, again, Royal personages are quite exceptionally courteous and charming in their manner. To take

SUCH A SITTER AS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE

is a real pleasure, and yet, owing to the fact that the photograph was taken at Gloucester House, my portrait of him necessitated a very long exposure. The Duke, who looks scarcely a day over sixty, sat as firm as a rock, and I was thus able to obtain a quite exceptionally good result."

"I have heard, Mr. Langfieri, that those of your fair sitters who devote so much of their leisure to organising great Charity Fêtes regard you as a veritable Mascotte?"

"Well, I admit that my efforts in connection with the Charing Cross Bazaar led to my being made a Life Governor of that most excellent institution. In the case of the National Bazaar, held last season, my firm presented the Committee with ten thousand half-guinea coupons, each entitling the buyer to three cabinet-photographs. Even now, people turn up with these coupons. Then I made myself

RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SOUVENIR BOOK.

Scarce a week now goes by without my being asked to take part in some affair of the kind; but, though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak. However, I am always ready to do what I can, and I am just starting off for Manchester, where I have a studio in connection with the Victorian Fête organised by the Countess of Derby and Lady Gerard. I am also busy with the Souvenir Book for the grand Stafford House Fête on June 26."

AN ARISTOCRATIC PORTRAIT-GALLERY.

BY LANGFIER, OF OLD BOND STREET.



PRINCESS DEMIDOFF.



VISCOUNTESS FALMOUTH.



COUNTESS CADOGAN.



THE MARCHIONESS OF DOWNSHIRE.



THE COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND.



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.



THE HON. ETHEL GERARD.



LADY GERARD.



THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY.

LA LOÏE FULLER, THE WORLD-FAMOUS DANCE ARTISTE, AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.



From a Photograph by the Falk Studio, New York.



From a Photograph by Taber, San Francisco.



From a Photograph by the Falk Studio, New York.

SCENES FROM "THE GEISHA AND THE KNIGHT," AS PERFORMED BY MADAME SADA YACCO
AND THE JAPANESE PLAYERS AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.



Katsuragi, a Geisha (Madame Sada Yacco).

ACT I.: THE GEISHA QUARTERS. THE FIGHT FOR THE HAND OF KATSURAGI.



Madame Yacco

ACT II.: THE TEMPLE GATES. KATSURAGI, LEARNING THAT HER LOVER HAS FLED TO THE BUDDHIST MONASTERY OF DÔJÔ-JI, TRIES, BY DANCING, TO CAJOLE THE MONKS INTO GRANTING HER ADMISSION TO THE MONASTERY.

From Photographs by Byron, New York.



MISS JESSIE BATEMAN

AS THE GOVERNESS IN "THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FELLOWS WILLSON, NEW BOND STREET, W.

MISS MAUD EARL, THE LADY LANDSEER.

"HOW happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away!" One can picture Miss Maud Earl softly humming this old melody as she diligently pursues her work in her pretty studio at Bloomfield Place, for on one side of her is a canine model, an aristocrat of his kind, no doubt—perhaps even the famous Flaskelly Brag, the champion pointer, unsurpassed either on the bench or in the field, whose portrait is just now on her easel—and on the other side is the presiding genius who now and then gives a call at the studios: I mean, the Spirit of Art. Now, dogs can't abide spooks, but there are other reasons why Miss Earl's strange companions are unable to "hit it off," for, if you attempt to introduce pictorial qualities into the representation of a dog, if you let your imagination dwell on the poetic possibilities of line and colour, you are certain to miss his "points," and, though the animal himself may not be greatly disturbed by this, his owner might broadly hint that you had left out all that could make the picture worth having. If, on the other hand, you devote yourself to "points," the Spirit of Art remembers that she has an engagement with the landscape-painter next door. Her departure may be a source of relief, but you are unable to view it without some feeling of sentimental regret. It is a dilemma that might drive a man to—golf; but the resourcefulness of woman is equal to most emergencies, and, fortunately, Miss Earl has been able to devise a plan that, to a great extent, meets the difficulty. She paints some of her pictures to please the owners of dogs, and others to please herself. When she is engaged on such works as "The Dogs of Death" or "On Dian's Day," the guardian spirit will sometimes stay to tea, and even accompany the artist in her wanderings abroad.

The fact is that, though Miss Earl has been obliged to concentrate her attention on the ideals of the fancier until she knows them all, from the esoteric merits of a bull-pup to those of a St. Bernard—a not altogether un congenial duty, for she is an enthusiastic lover of dogs—she is richly endowed with an underlying sense of all that is beautiful in art and Nature, and one could wish that she had more opportunities of expressing the emotions induced by this quality, which, indeed, constitutes her an artist as well as a most successful portrait-painter of animals. Last year, it was to be recognised in her poetic rendering of the weird Scandinavian legend of the howling of "The Dogs of Death" while the human soul is taking its flight through the forest; and anyone who visits the Academy this year may see how charmingly her imagination plays on the story of the hounds paying their homage at Diana's forest shrine. In such works as these the animals fall in with the general sentiment of an ideal scene; they are correctly drawn, of course, but how is one to dwell on their details of structure while attention is absorbed by the fanciful conception of which they form a part?

These are her artistic compensations, but Miss Earl's ordinary work is interesting enough, and even exciting. As a lover of dogs who has lived among them from early childhood—for she comes of a sporting Worcestershire family, and her father was an animal-painter before her—it is a delightful privilege to be in constant association with the lords of canine creation; though even aristocrats are not always on their best

behaviour (when they have four legs), and some of the most highly bred dogs are most troublesome sitters. Miss Earl may coax them into the required positions—and she has a "way" with animals—but to get them to stay there is another matter. Perhaps it is the postman, perhaps it is the barking of a brother or the cry of children outside; it may be the possibility of rats in the corners, the desire to be friendly, or the natural impatience of a vivacious creature at what he doubtless regards as a totally unnecessary proceeding—there is always something to keep up the reputation of a dog as the worst of models. It is not as though the artist could let him curl up in a comfortable position and sleep through the ordeal; she must so place him as to exhibit all his most admired developments to their fullest advantage, for nothing less will satisfy the owner. Many of Miss Earl's patrons do not look upon her paintings as pictures, but as dogs, and judge them only by their "points."

There are dogs and dogs; but there are few kinds that Miss Earl has

not painted. There is the mongrel "Absent-Minded Beggar" that brought £50 to the Artists' War Fund, the first picture sold at the Guildhall Exhibition; there are the King's toy bull, Peter, the Queen's Borzoi, Alex; Princess de Monteglyon's Old Hall Beatrice—one of the celebrated group of colliers that have taken all the chief prizes in England and on the Continent—the Duke of Leeds' three greyhounds, runners-up for the Waterloo Cup, and various others that have lately had immortality conferred on them by the artist. They all have their little peculiarities as sitters, but none in so marked a degree as the Esquimaux that accompanied the Peary Expedition over Greenland. These lively beasts and others of the wilder varieties, such as Samoyeds have a strong fascination for Miss Earl, who was tempted to depict the Esquimaux in that striking work, "The End of the Expedition," which was hung in the Academy show of 1897. The difficulties attending the production of this picture may be imagined when it is mentioned that the animals thought the pieces of furniture to which they had been secured were sledges, and dragged them about the studio-floor as if it had been "the Great Ice" itself, thus producing a spirited and realistic scene that was full of suggestion for the artist, though it may not have been without its inconveniences.

What gives a special value to Miss Earl's portraiture is her power of rendering "quality" in a dog. It is an indefinable thing, found only in animals of good breeding, but it is well understood by those who make a cult of dogs.

The artist has a singularly close knowledge of canine anatomy. She has studied the skeletons of dogs as well as their skins, and can name all their bones off-hand. No school can claim her as its own, for her artistic training is the result of her own personal experience and observation, combined with the instruction that she received from her father, whose work she carried on. For the rest, Miss Earl is gifted with a most interesting and charming personality. She holds decided and highly illuminating views on art and artists, and it would be a pleasant task to record her vivaciously expressed opinions on these and many other subjects. But, unfortunately, I forfeited the opportunity of accomplishing this entertaining and useful work by incautiously displaying my notebook. Miss Earl's spontaneous talk may be graven on the tablets of the mind, but must not be recorded in black-and-white.

A. G.



MISS MAUD EARL IN HER STUDIO.

Photographed for "The Sketch" by Thomas, Cheapside.

"CHINA AND THE ALLIES."*

WITH the above title as text, Mr. Savage-Landor has filled two large and handsome volumes, both lavishly illustrated with photographs, sketches, and maps, the general aim of his book being (as he tells us in the Preface, which is marked by a highly commendable brevity somewhat absent from the work itself) to give a record of events as they occurred, and, while doing so, to avoid national or personal prejudice. He sets out by giving an account of the "Boxers," or

"VOLUNTEER UNITED FISTS,"

as it appears these gentry should be called. "I do not know," he says in his opening paragraph, "who invented the name 'Boxers' as a translation of the words *Ih-huo-Ch'uan*, by which the anti-foreign societies in China call themselves, but whoever did so was wrong." Translated literally, the Chinese characters mean "Volunteer United Fists," the last word not being used in the sense of boxing, nor with any relation to the noble art of fisticuffs at all, but merely symbolically, the fingers of the closed hand all clenched together signifying strong and united action.

Having thus set us on the right track, Mr. Savage-Landor proceeds to impart a good deal of interesting information about the origin and aims of the "Boxers"—we beg pardon, the "Volunteer United Fists," though we rather fancy the name "Boxers" has come to stay; indeed, we sin in excellent company, for, after having told us not to use the objectionable term, our author uses no other in the whole course of his book. Mr. Savage-Landor has collected from various sources a mass of particulars respecting the

MOVEMENT WHICH CAST SO SINISTER A SHADOW

over Europe and America last year, and which there is only too much reason to fear has been scotched rather than killed; in these particulars, however, there is not much that can be said to be new. But there is one important feature of the Boxer movement on which he lays more stress than any previous writer on the subject has done, and that is the fact that it was inspired by the Buddhist priests of China, who have long had an infamous reputation for their anti-foreign and bloodthirsty sentiments. As is well known, the only existing Buddhist country, Tibet, is also the only one which has succeeded in keeping out of itself all Western people and all Western knowledge and arts, so pronounced is its determination to have nothing to do with the foreign devils.

The Buddhist priests worked on the minds of the Chinese in various ways; here is about as diabolical a one as may be imagined—

They were very adept at hypnotism, and availed themselves of this power to impress the masses. They hypnotised young boys, and then at night left them in a state of catalepsy in some thoroughfare. When a sufficient crowd had collected around these insensible creatures, the monks duly appeared and pointed out "the actual proof of the evil-doings of foreigners." The crowd having been worked into a state of frenzy, the boy, apparently dead, would be restored to life by the monks (they said "resuscitated"), and the bystanders would be thus further convinced that, whatever devilry foreigners might perpetrate, Buddhist monks had always the power to make things good.

Mr. Landor thinks that when "that nest of immorality and disgraceful corruption, the Buddhist monks," has ceased to exist, not only in China, but in all Asia, Western civilisation will penetrate without difficulty into

THE MOST INACCESSIBLE NOOKS OF THAT IMMENSE CONTINENT, and peace will be for ever assured. This view strikes us as a trifle optimistic; there are some other elements in this wicked, wicked world besides Buddhist monks which tend to prevent the realisation of the ideal time when peace will be for ever assured—yes, even in the remotest nooks of Asia. Chief among these intractable elements is, shall we say, human nature?

Mr. Landor's book gains in interest very decidedly when the events which preceded the now historic siege of the Legations at Peking, and the siege itself, come to be dealt with, but the most interesting part is that where the author appears

IN THE CHARACTER OF AN EYE-WITNESS

of the occurrences he relates. He accompanied the Relief Expedition from Tientsin to Peking last August, and was present at the battle of Peitsang and other engagements fought by the Allies on the way to the Chinese capital. His description of the entry of the Allies into Peking

itself is most graphic. Perhaps the best chapters of the work are those giving an account of the wonderful interior of the Imperial Palace. In these are conveyed to us the impressions of a man who beheld everything with the eye of an artist.

Mr. Landor had many opportunities of comparing the various "nationals" who composed

THE ARMY OF THE ALLIES.

He speaks very highly of the Japanese soldiers, commending the skill of their leaders and the courage of the rank-and-file. Of the Russians he says they were the only soldiers who stood the marching in a magnificent manner. He declares the American soldier to be no better and no worse than any other. He tells us that the German soldier is a machine, and that the French soldiers in China were hardly a fair sample, as they had come from Saigon.

With regard to our own troops, he writes of the Bluejackets and the Marines that they were

"MAGNIFICENT IN EVERY POSSIBLE WAY,

and, with their officers, came as near perfection in their own line as it was possible to." Our Indian soldiers were the "admiration of everybody." Our gunners are warmly praised, but (we regret there should be a "but") with respect to our home infantry he says that, while "extremely plucky—more so than was really needed—they, somehow or other, seemed to lack that confidence in their leaders which makes soldiers ever certain of victory."

Mr. Landor has not a little to say about the looting that went on last year in China, and it is worth noting that he states the Russian, the British, the American, the Japanese, the French,

ALL LOOTED ALIKE,

and that the accounts of the looting published in Europe and America were not accurate, being written apparently by persons who had some ulterior motive in showing the soldiers of some one nation or another at their worst.

PICTURE-SHOWS.

A REMARKABLY strong "one-man show" is that of Mr. Arthur Severn, at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, New Bond Street. The artist's versatility is manifested not only in his choice of subjects, but also in his methods of treating water-colour. In some of the landscapes, striking effects are produced by the free use of body-colour, though necessarily at the sacrifice of transparency, and, in others, delicate, fresh, and transparent results are obtained with pure water-colour. Small brushwork is to be seen in some pictures, and in others dash and breadth. I must particularly congratulate Mr. Severn on his sympathetic and exceedingly clever renderings of the sea. There is glowing colour in some of the effects that he has observed at sunrise, and the "Sunset at Beauvais"

contrasts forcibly with the delicate "Lancaster Sands" which hangs near.

At the same Galleries are to be seen some drawings of "Birds and Animals in Motion" by Mr. J. G. Millais, who in his triple capacity of artist, sportsman, and naturalist has closely observed the wild life of various countries, especially that of Scotland. Most of the drawings are in black-and-white, but there are a few works in water-colour, notably, the pretty representation of "Loch Leven" with many wildfowl in the foreground. Specially noticeable are the studies of big game in Africa, and of the graceful movements of the deer in their Highland haunts. "A Wounded Mallard" is an elaborate work in colour, showing with much accuracy the peculiarities of feather and the variegated hues that distinguish these birds.

MR. AND MRS. ALBERT STEVENS.

These artists provide a very attractive show at the Modern Gallery. The lady, who has a happy gift of colour and a bold technique, revels in garden-scenes, which she depicts with much brilliancy and a due regard for floral characteristics, while she is also to be credited with a nice appreciation of the possibilities of water-colour. Her large work, "Holland House," is singularly effective, focus being thrown on the sunny garden, which has the Elizabethan mansion beyond, and a setting of rich foliage and shadow that gives value to the sparkling flower-beds.

PICTURESQUE IRELAND.

A further collection of oil-paintings by the accomplished Irish artist, Mr. Alexander Williams, is also shown at the Modern Gallery. Mr. Williams presents a great many aspects of the country, its scenery, and its people. He has been attracted by the coast, as well as by inland prospects, and is remarkably successful with his marine subjects.



MR. A. H. SAVAGE-LANDOR, AUTHOR OF "CHINA AND THE ALLIES," JUST PUBLISHED BY HEINEMANN.

* "China and the Allies." By A. Henry Savage-Landor. London: Heinemann.



"MARY WAS A MAGNET FOR THE MEN, MEN, MEN."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MR. JOHNKINS' EPISODE.

BY EDWARD F. SPENCE.



TO the amazement of his wife, Mr. Johnkins said that the children bothered him, and he was going to take a walk to a quieter part of the beach. No wonder she was amazed, for, as a rule, he showed deep interest in his numerous offspring. Indeed, Mr. William Johnkins was a model father as well as a model husband, son, brother, and citizen—a model everything, except companion for a wet day. Certainly a model citizen: he went to church regularly, and slept there discreetly; he made scrupulously exact income-tax returns, paid his rates punctually, and his rent in advance; never told an untruth, except in business, and then only in accordance with the custom of his trade; always voted for the Conservatives and Moderates, and did not hold an opinion of any sort that was not borrowed from the *Daily Telegraph*. He had a prejudice against foreigners and a profound belief in the superiority of everything English, save in matters of art and taste, where he admitted that the French and Italians excelled; yet, so far as personal pleasure was concerned, he preferred home-made wares.

The excellent Mr. Johnkins walked along the Parade reading his *Telegraph* and admiring and agreeing with its tremendous denunciation of Ibsen, an author whom, on the authority of his chosen paper, he held in such horror that he had never read or seen any of his works. He continued his walk till he almost reached the line of houses that runs at right angles to the beach. Then he got down on the pebbles to make himself as comfortable as he could, using his newspaper as a seat.

He sat still a while looking at the sea—it did not impress him greatly. In truth, the sea at Brighton does not seem the real thing at all, but merely a sort of local Round Pond or Serpentine, or, at the most, a kind of amateur effort at sea. It was a lovely July day: the gentle breeze sighed at the worthy man, the sun shone kindly on him, and the sea murmured softly to him, but, to his surprise, he found that he was unhappy. Unhappy, but why? His business prospered, his eldest daughter was well married, and the next engaged to his satisfaction; his son-and-heir was doing wonders at school, and the other children were healthy and good. His landlord had just re-decorated his house on a threat of leaving which would not have been carried out, and he had not a care in the world. Yet he felt unhappy. He asked himself the question whether life was worth living. Was it "good enough" to go on paying rates regularly and shaving every day? For the first time in his life, Mr. Johnkins felt bored, so acutely bored that he thought it would be a good idea to put some heavy stones in his pocket and walk down into the sea. With some amusement, he pictured to himself the surprise that his suicide would cause and the vexation of his friends at finding that his estate reached nearly sixty thousand pounds. However, the thought that he would not be present at the surprise and vexation, and the idea that suicide is a Radical, unchurchmanlike, disreputable act, came into his mind; so, instead of walking into the sea with stones in his pocket, he simply threw pebbles into it. Suddenly it occurred to him that his unusual state was due to his liver, and he determined to take a pill on going to bed; he was vexed to feel uncertain which of the pills competing for popularity had been recommended to him by his father-in-law. He thought of smoking a pipe; but, to his annoyance, found that he had brought out his meerschaum instead of his briar. Decidedly it was bad form to smoke a meerschaum out-of-doors, though there was no one in sight save an old man fishing fruitlessly from a jetty fifty yards away; moreover, the sea-air might injure the complexion of the precious pipe. He took out his note-book and began to make business calculations, but soon grew tired and threw it down. Then he put his elbows on his knees and his face on his hands and gazed at the sea, wondering what could cause him to feel a fierce dissatisfaction with life and a longing—a vague, fantastic longing—for something utterly unknown.

Suddenly he heard a voice saying, "I durst yer to do it," and looked round. Standing on the wall, eight feet above the pebbles, was a tall, well-built girl; close to her were two ill-grown, stunted men, and by them a plain young woman.

"I durst yer to jump," repeated the tall girl.

"Go on, Loizer!" answered one of the men. "Yer dursn't yerself."

"Well, here goes!" she answered, and leaped off with a swirl of skirt and petticoat, displaying a pair of well-turned ankles. She came down with a crash on the pebbles, and fell forward, but did not seem to hurt herself.

"Now, come on, you!" she shouted; but the three walked along a little distance to a place where the wall was lower, and climbed down gingerly. When they reached "Loizer," she chaffed them heartily, and then all four sat together on the pebbles and began to throw stones at the sea. Mr. Johnkins studied "Loizer" with interest. Her face, though a little common in line, showed regular features; her teeth were beautiful, her eyes large and bright, and her expression was of great merriment, though there was a sly, hard twist in the curve of her mouth. A splendid glow of health lighted up her face. She wore a blue shirt,

with pink necktie, a sailor-hat, and neat little boots; it was possible to see that her figure was gracefully developed. From her appearance, Mr. Johnkins guessed that she was a shop-girl out for a holiday.

After a minute or two, the girl got up, and, taking the stick of one of the two men, whom she addressed as "George," stuck it in the pebbles, and then they all threw stones at it vainly, till "Loizer" arose, and, taking a piece of brick that was on the beach, flung it with such force that she smashed the stick, whereupon George used language of prodigious energy. For a long time Mr. Johnkins watched the quartet—or rather, watched "Loizer," whose vigorous, healthy, youthful beauty fascinated him. A book, "*La Vie Sérieuse*," by Catulle Mendès, that he had read in the train, was working in him. He had bought it, thinking that it was of a philosophical character, certainly not dreaming that it was a collection of love-stories, with a preface declaring love to be the one serious thing in life. Whilst he looked at the handsome girl, scenes from his life came before him—his school-days at a big middle-class college, whose course included a year at Boulogne and a year in Germany; his early years in the office of his uncle, where he began by indexing the letter-books and running errands; and his courtship, under the orders of his widowed mother, of his cousin Mary, whose dowry was a share in the business. How dull and ridiculous seemed the commonplace courtship of the uninteresting, good-natured, plain girl! How tedious the years of loveless marriage! Never was there a better husband and father than William Johnkins! Yet he lay on the beach gazing eagerly at the bonny girl and even longing to put his arm round her waist.

After a while, the quartet seemed to be tired of romping, and appeared to go to sleep, but Mr. Johnkins noticed that Loizer was peeping at him between her fingers. He grew flushed, and vainly tried to appear unconcerned. As a kind of protection, he took out his pocket-book and began to make useless calculations. Every time he looked up he saw that her eyes were upon him. Suddenly he thought of a farce that he had seen lately, in which a young man anxious to make the acquaintance of a girl wrote a note on a piece of paper and dropped it near her. Almost mechanically, and without any intentions, Mr. Johnkins wrote, "Meet me opposite the Aquarium, on the Parade, at 8 30 o'clock." He smiled as he gazed at the words, and looked up, still smiling. The girl had raised her head and was watching him intently; he blushed, and felt very guilty.

"George, let's have a game of oughts and crosses," said "Loizer" in a loud voice.

"Garn! Leave me asleep—we ain't got no pencil nor paper."

"Don't be lazy-sides. I'll ask the man over there."

"Hask w'at yer loike and let me alone!"

She yawned, stretched herself, and, rising, came to Mr. Johnkins and said aloud, "I say, Guv'nor, will you lend us some paper and your pencil?"

"Certainly, with pleasure," he replied timidly, and he tore out several clean sheets.

"Yes, but give me that one you wrote on," she said softly.

He turned rather pale, and, trembling, answered, "Oh, that's nothing—only business calculations!"

She laughed, turned back the leaves, read what he had written, tore out the page, crumpled it up, thrust it into the bosom of her dress, then said, "Thank you, Guv'nor," and walked away.

Mr. Johnkins gasped; whether he was delighted or disgusted, he could not say, but he felt that something tremendous and exciting had happened.

A minute later, "Loizer's" voice sounded to a well-known tune, "I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there, at half-past eight o'clock."

Mr. Johnkins felt hot and cold almost simultaneously. He got up, brushed his clothes with his paper, and walked hastily to his lodgings.

When the post came in, the worthy wool-broker, with a trembling voice, said to his guileless wife, "My dear, it's vexing; I must run up to town this afternoon, and I shall not be back till the last train, perhaps not till to-morrow." He was in a curious temper; never had his wife seen him so irritable, yet he took her out in the afternoon and bought her a hideous, costly bonnet on which she had set her heart, and he gave the children so many cakes and ices at the "Mikado" that he almost made them ill. At seven o'clock the wool-broker had a capital dinner at a restaurant and smiled cynically when he thought of the barbarous high-tea that he ought to be taking at the lodgings, and yet he had no intention of meeting "Loizer." No doubt, he had done everything necessary for keeping the appointment, but he had made up his mind to remain out of the way of temptation, if any. Nevertheless, curiosity to see whether she would be there led him at half-past eight to the appointed spot.

From a distance he saw her, and turned to go back; but when turning, he found his wife coming along with the nurse.

"It's fate!" murmured the wool-broker tragically, and he hastened to the spot, took "Loizer" by the arm, and dragged her down the stairs to the beach. The man was very serious and painfully embarrassed, but the girl quickly set him at ease by her frank manner and almost witty talk. To this day Mr. Johnkins has no idea what he and she spoke of during the two hours on the beach: a vague feeling of exhilaration, almost intoxication, and the fact that she allowed him to squeeze her hand and put his arm round her waist, yet would not permit



APROPOS OF THESE TERRIBLE FRENCH DUELS: A HUMANE SUGGESTION.

him to kiss her, are all that he can recollect. Suddenly she said, "It's thirsty here; suppose we do a drink?"

"You see, there are so many people here who know me," he said; "but we may find some nice, quiet, little place."

They walked along the beach till they were opposite to Rock Gardens.

"Look here," she said, "I know something better than going to any small place where the liquor is bad. Let's buy a bottle of wine, and you can come to my place and drink it." He hesitated. "Oh, I see!" she said, with a scornful laugh. "You're afraid of me, are you? You think it will compromise you?"

Gallantly, he replied, "I was afraid of compromising you."

"Never mind me; I can take care of myself." This enigmatic remark puzzled Mr. Johnkins. In the morning he had thought ill of the girl; their talk on the beach made him come to the conclusion reluctantly, but gladly, too, that she was honest, though "larky." Now, he had his doubts, hopes, and fears; but he went on as submissively as a sheep. He gave her a sovereign, and she bought a bottle of champagne at a tavern which he did not enter. "Mumm" was the brand, he noticed, with a smile at the appropriate character of the name; she gave him the change. Ten minutes' walk inland brought them to a small house in a quiet street. She opened the front-door with a latch-key, and he followed her up pitch-dark stairs, holding the banisters with one hand and grasping the neck of the champagne-bottle with the other, for he remembered the tale of a man who had used such a bottle as a deadly weapon, and he felt that his position was unsound. She flung open a door on the second floor, entered a room, and turned up the gas: he followed her. It was a neatly furnished, tidy, little bed-sitting-room. "Loizer" took off her hat and cape and tossed them on the sideboard, then took two glasses and a corkscrew from the mantelpiece, and said, "I suppose you can open it?" He put his hat on a chair, and, after a long, clumsy struggle, got the cork out and filled two glasses.

"Oh, that's good, but it's awful hot in here! I'll open the window," she said.

"I can't stand this shirt-collar business!" she observed. "These sort of men's shirts are silly for us girls!"

She took off tie and collar and unfastened the studs.

"Oh law!" she said. "That won't do—it's not proper! Supposin' my 'usband came in, what would he say?"

"Your husband?" gasped the wool-broker.

"Yes. Oh, he's all right! He's up at the Club and won't be home before midnight—it's draw-night."

The girl looked irresistibly pretty. Mr. Johnkins hoped for the worst and prayed for the best; he took her hand—just as he touched it came the sound of footsteps on the stairs.

"'Eavens! 'ere's my 'usband! Quick—get be'ind there and I'll get 'im to go out. Oh, you've ruined me!"

He got behind a screen; she lowered the gas and unlocked the door. Through a chink in the screen he saw the "George" of the beach.

"What does this mean?" shouted the man. "'Cham' on the table, and a man's 'at! Oo's 'iding 'ere?" In a minute the fellow had looked under the table and behind the screen, and dragged out the poor Lothario. Seeing that "George" was an insignificant little man, the wool-broker put up his fists.

"Down with your dukes!" shouted the man, seizing the champagne-bottle. "Now," he said, "let's talk business." They talked business.

Fortunately for Mr. Johnkins, his wife is a guileless creature, and accepted without hesitation his account of the highway robbery in which he lost his purse and watch. She is too English to know much of his affairs, and never learnt that, a month later, Mr. Johnkins met a bill for £300, payable to the order of Mrs. Eliza Spooks, and presented by a disreputable East-End pawnbroker.

Rapid progress is being made with the Naval Barracks at Portsmouth, wherein accommodation will be provided for several thousand bluejackets who are now "put up" in old wooden three-deckers which are berthed alongside the upper part of the Dockyard. Among these is the *Duke of Wellington*, which during the Russian War flew the flag of the late Admiral Sir Charles Napier, who fancied he could improve upon Nelson's signal, and, when his fleet was on its way to the Baltic, sent forth as his watch-words, "Sharpen your cutlasses, and the day will be your own." The old salt, however, was a little too previous, and he soon found that wooden walls were of no use against stone fortresses.

It is not generally known that Queen Victoria left a list of pensioners behind her, and that these recipients of Royal bounty will continue to be kept from want for the remainder of their lives. They are mostly old soldiers, sailors, and the widows and daughters of long-time servants, the majority being Scotch. When Mr. Labouchere attacked this charitable trust, it was, I am given to believe, not with the object of depriving these poor folk of their stipends, but to make the matter one of personal recognition between the King and Queen Victoria's beneficiaries, rather than between the Sovereign and the people. Mr. Labouchere did not put it in the right way, but I have the best legal opinion for stating that he was quite right in theory, as was Mr. Keir Hardie when he proposed that Queen Alexandra's income should be paid directly to her—only, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling says, that's another story.

A GALLANT SOLDIER.*

GENERAL SIR GERALD GRAHAM, V.C., whose name will ever be familiar in connection with events in Egypt and the Sudan, came of a good old Cumberland Border family on the paternal side, and of Yorkshire stock by his mother. As I remember him in the 'eighties, in Egypt, he was a great, big, burly giant, with steel-blue eyes, and, like most giants, was of an exceedingly kindly nature. Colonel Vetch tells us, in this delightful record of the life of the great soldier, that he stood exactly six feet four inches in his hose.



GENERAL SIR GERALD GRAHAM, V.C.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Graham did his humanities, first of all, at Wimbledon, then at Dresden, and, finally, at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, which he left third of his batch, and with a commission as Second-Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers. The first intimation his family received that he had orders to proceed to the Crimea on active service was when his sister caught him careering round the dining-room at home, vaulting over the chairs.

It was in the Crimea that Graham won his "V.C.," for determined gallantry at the head of a ladder-party at the assault of the Redan, and for devoted heroism in sallying out of the trenches on numerous occasions and bringing in wounded officers and men. Our late Sovereign, of glorious memory, pinned the coveted Cross to his coat in Hyde Park, and, in so doing, stuck the pin fairly into him; so that, as he wittily remarked in a letter to his father, he keenly recognised his momentary interview with Royalty!

By the end of 1859, Graham had won a Brevet-Majority, and with that rank he proceeded from India to China, where he went through the campaign of 1860, issuing from the ordeal with a Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonelcy and a bullet in his thigh.

For twenty years he saw no further active service, but in 1882, when Lord Wolseley took command of the expedition to Egypt, he remembered his old comrade of Crimean and China days, and gave him his opportunity. It was Graham who led the advance from Ismailia along the freshwater canal to Kassassin, and who commanded the 2nd Brigade in the smart attack on Tel-el-Kebir.

But Graham had his real chance down Suakim way, where he was despatched to clear the district of the hostile tribes under Osman Digna, who had revolted against the Egyptian Government, and had slaughtered the rabble, led by Baker Pasha, sent to reduce them. Graham utterly defeated the rebels at Tamai, driving their Chief into the hills with a price set upon his head.

After this desperate battle, the General wished to take advantage of his opportunity and push on to Berber. Had he been allowed to do so, he would, no doubt, have succeeded in relieving Gordon, who acquiesced in the idea and promised his support. But General Stephenson, who at that time commanded the Army of Occupation in Egypt, was adverse to the advance, owing to the scarcity of water on the road, and Graham was recalled. On reaching home, he was offered his choice of a baronetcy or promotion, and chose the latter.

Just a year later, he was again despatched to Suakim—on this occasion with material for a railway to Berber, as well as an army. Before leaving England, he was received at Windsor Castle by our lamented Queen, who expressed "her indignation at the abandonment of Gordon, and her regret that Graham should have to go to Suakim again to do what he could so easily have done in the previous spring. The Queen desired him to telegraph to her, and not to expose himself too much."

But on this, as on the previous occasion, Graham was not allowed to lead a conquering British Army to the relief of the noble hero at Khartoum. The Russian bogey frightened the Government into fits, and Graham was peremptorily ordered to abandon the railway and come home. This time he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and the "G.C.M.G." He saw no more active service, but in 1888 he was offered the government of Bermuda, and found himself obliged, for private reasons, to decline it. Two years later he retired on a pension.

Graham naturally followed the War in South Africa with keen interest, and it was while out-of-doors on a cold, wet night in December 1899, to get the latest news, that he caught a chill which, speedily developing into pneumonia, carried off this sterling man in a few days.

The book is exceedingly interesting, not the least entertaining part being the extracts from the General's letters and diaries, and it forms a valuable addition to our Egypto-Soudanese library.

EDWARD VIZETELLY.

* "Life, Letters, and Diaries of Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Graham, V.C., G.C.B., R.E., with Portraits, Plans, and His Principal Despatches." By Colonel R. H. Vetch, C.B., late of the Royal Engineers. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons.

THE "ZOO" KEEPERS AND THEIR PETS.

(By Special Permission of the Zoological Society.)

EVEN acclimatised Londoners complain of the chameleon-like climate we experience year in, year out, but at the "Zoo" you are taught a lesson of marvellous worth—that is, adaptation to circumstances. At these famous old Gardens we find some living representatives from every corner of the Hemispheres, from a turtle-dove to a Polar bear. And where will you set eyes upon a healthier collection of creatures, yet have not they to swallow a "London particular" in the wintry season, when fogs are in vogue, and has not our friend the Polar bear to wink at a heat-wave and cummerbunds?

It might be reasonably asserted that, for the most part, "Zoo" beasts are too reflective for good company. Be that as it may, some

Mr. Mansford, Keeper of Apes, is justly proud of a fine specimen, but I have not pictured it, for the reason that monkeys, as a tribe, are not so infrequently adopted as pets. Our "poor relations" can always find a home "away from home."

A camel, of course, is differently situated—that is to say, if he's on your lap. Mr. Shelley has great hopes of the baby now on view at the Gardens, and, for its age (six weeks), its precocity is amazing. In the first place, the young camel left his mother, whom also I found taking a constitutional patrol at an early hour, and, calmly skipping along, licked my camera-case—to show, I suppose, there was no ill-feeling. Mr. Shelley takes a righteous pride in his little, two-humped pet.

It is not an easy matter to win the affections of a hornbill or a pelican, but Mr. Church has succeeded after forty-four years as Keeper over these philosophical birds.

And then, to secure a satisfactory delineation of Mr. Webb's charges,



MR. TYRRELL AND PET BOA-CONSTRICTORS.
SEVERAL YARDS OF PET!



A SEA-LION IS MR. WEBB'S AMPHIBIOUS
PET.



MR. WEBB ATTENDS TO THE CREATURE COMFORTS
OF THE RARE KING PENGUIN.



A YOUNG CROCODILE IS ONE OF MR. TYRRELL'S PETS.
OBSERVE THE SMILE ON THE CROCODILE'S FACE.



A WINGED PHILOSOPHER. PELICAN (ABOUT TO FLY),
A PET OF MR. CHURCH'S.



THE BABY CAMEL APPRECIATES THE
ATTENTIONS OF MR. SHELLEY.

From Photographs by Reginald H. Cocks Abingdon-on-Thames.

are open to especial blandishments bestowed upon them by their several Keepers. It goes without saying that there are few amongst the gentler sex who would deign to nurse a crocodile at even ten years of age, although the length of smile assumed by the creature, even at this comparatively tender age, is enough (and very effectually so when he reaches his teens), more than enough, to win (and swallow) some of the stoutest hearts, for few can resist him.

Mr. Tyrrell is one of the best-known Keepers at the "Zoo," and very popular withal, whether it be with the creeping thing or an ordinary biped—mere man. Take, for example (and Mr. Tyrrell actually did so), one or two boa-constrictors. Several yards of pet must be embarrassing at any time to the most ardent admirer, but the genial Keeper of the Reptile House wraps up his neck with "boas" just as though he had but recently quitted the overheated *foyer* of some West-End playhouse, and the Reptile House at the "Zoo" is always, of necessity, a warm corner.

I had to brace up and enter the (sea-) lions' den, armed to the teeth with a repeating snapshot contrivance. The sea-lion, or seal, is a most intelligent, Keeper-fearing mortal, for at the distant sound of Mr. Webb's footfall these creatures started off on the wildest of excursions, gyrating to the music of a profound bark.

You could not find a more aristocratic bird than the King Penguin, which hails from Antarctic oceans, and the one here illustrated is beyond price, being the first ever satisfactorily reared. The fascinating style assumed by this bird when he stalks is one of contempt for things in general and a camera in particular. He cannot take to his wings, but is completely satisfied to strut about with body perfectly erect and his head well thrown back with an air of pity for poor man.

It is reasonably supposed that the King Penguin could give a first-class cricketer points, for as a safe catch he is to be relied upon anywhere in the field, especially at "slip."

REGINALD H. COCKS.

A CHAT WITH LIANE DE POUGY.

ENGAGED AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

WHEN, six months ago, the announcement was made that Mdlle. Liane de Pougy was to make her first appearance on the English stage, by her engagement at the Palace Theatre, quite a flutter went through English circles, theatrical and otherwise, at the idea of seeing the

CELEBRATED FRENCH BEAUTY AND DANCER

performing in London. But Mdlle. Liane de Pougy's engagement was postponed owing to the lamented death of Her Majesty. Now, at last, she is here, and will be a certain draw at the Palace Theatre of Varieties.

Armed with the conviction that Liane de Pougy would make a most interesting interview for the readers of *The Sketch*, I sought the lady out

AT THE HÔTEL CECIL,

where she has been staying for the last three or four weeks. Mdlle. de Pougy puts you at your ease at once, as she combines a rare intelligence with a business-like way of going about things, besides being the embodiment of grace itself.

"You wish to interview me for *The Sketch*?" she said, with a perfect English accent. "Certainly! Now, where shall I commence?"

"Straight from the beginning of your theatrical career, if you please," I replied, with a candour that astonished myself.

"You seem surprised," she said, with a sweet smile, "at my knowledge of English. The fact is,

I WAS BROUGHT UP IN A CONVENT

where there were a number of English girls, and English was generally spoken. Then, I have lived a good deal in England. I have visited your lakes at Windermere, which are the loveliest I have ever seen, and I have only just returned from Bournemouth, where the rhododendrons and the other associations have a charm for me. But I see you think I am wandering from my subject."

I gracefully dissented, and assured the fair Liane that her views of England made interesting reading.

"However," she said, with a cheery laugh, "let's to business. I made my first appearance on the stage

AT THE FOLIES-BERGÈRES, IN 1894,

but I hadn't much to do. The Director taught me how to walk on the stage, and I then assisted in some magic 'turns.' But my ambition was dancing, and I was anxious to make a name. But how? Then an idea struck me. I invited a popular Prince to be present at my first appearance as a dancer. He came. He favoured me with a smile, and, seizing the opportunity, I threw a flower up to his *loge*. My name was made from that day, and, like one of your great countrymen, I awoke next morning and found myself famous. All Paris was ringing with the incident, and journalists and managers besieged me.

"It has always been the height of my ambition to

APPEAR IN LONDON.

As you know, I should have appeared at the Palace Theatre last January but for the death of your good, dear Queen."

"And after appearing in Paris, what other Continental audiences did you electrify?" I inquired.

"I did not electrify any," was the modest rejoinder, "but

I DANCED WITH SOME SUCCESS

in Belgium and Russia. In the latter country I stayed three years, where I was presented with some of the lovely jewels that the papers often speak about. Here you can see them for yourself."

Mdlle. de Pougy showed me some gems which seemed to me to make those with which Faust tempted Marguerite fade into insignificance. Prominent among these were ropes of priceless pearls, and well, I thought, had the lovely owner earned the title of the "Lady of the Pearls." As Otero is known for her turquoise and diamonds, so is Liane de Pougy for her pearls.

"Most of these," she said, "I will wear at the Palace Theatre, over

a dress made of gold and diamonds. The dance, or sketch, is called 'La Yachka,' which is Indian for

'THE GOD OF LOVE.'

There are two other characters, Sakountala and Kartès. I am supposed to be a young Indian girl, daughter of a Rajah, and I go to pray to La Yachka, who is the protector of lovers. In the poetry of dancing, I appear first as a lily, the emblem of purity; then as a rose, the symbol of love; and then as a poppy, which signifies death. While I am dancing, I have visions of a lover—an Indian warrior—and I then jump upon the shrine, and impersonate the idol, La Yachka. My lover, who is Kartès, and is impersonated by Mdlle. Lalie Pernod, then dances before me, thinking I am the god, and takes out a portrait, not mine, whereupon I am angry; but everything is forgiven at the finish, and the sketch ends like the stories in the fairy-books. But I am afraid I am wearying you with this dry description."

"By no means!" I replied. "Your sketch is a really pretty story of love and devotion. But what about your future movements?"

"Much depends upon my appearance in London; for, to be candid, although I am longing to appear here, I am nervous of English audiences. I am practising dancing two hours every day, under Mr. Espinosa, and I hope to be perfect for the all-eventful day."

[Since writing the above, Mdlle. de Pougy's assiduity has cost her a sprained ankle, which confined her to her room for a few days, but now, fortunately, she has quite recovered.]

"Are you thinking of going to America?" I inquired.

"Yes. Mr. Maurice Grau's brother has offered me a month's engagement in New York, for £1600, when my contract at the Palace terminates. But I am not sure yet of accepting it. As I told you, I have a great affection for England, and I have a little boy being educated here. When I first took him to the school, I said to the headmaster, 'Please, sir, teach him to forget he is a Frenchman, and bring him up as a little English gentleman.' I am not altogether French, you see, in my ideas, nor even in my nationality, as my mother was a Spanish lady, and, in appearance, I am often taken for an Englishwoman."

To this remark I readily assented, as Mdlle. de Pougy is very fair, and has light-blue eyes, which have the softest look in the world.

"I BELIEVE YOU ARE A NOVELIST as well as a dancer, Mademoiselle?" I said interrogatively.

"Yes; I have written two or three works of a rather mystic nature. One book I wrote, 'L'Insaissable,' created some notice in Paris, and another, 'Myrhille: an Idylle,' is now in the press, and will be published before the end of the year. I love literature, especially of a serious nature."

I had often heard that Mdlle. de Pougy was a desperate gambler at Monte Carlo, and I asked if all the reports that were spread of her were true.

"Not all," she said, with a merry laugh. "Some are. On one

occasion at Monte Carlo I won seventy-six thousand francs by plunging the maximum on the black, which kept coming up with refreshing frequency, and I well remember how interested a certain potentate appeared in my plunging at the time. But all that is now forgotten, and all I want is to be a success before an English audience."

I could write a great deal more of this beautiful personality. Had I the space at command, I would speak of her wit and epigrams. Only a short time ago, a Parisian theatrical manager was rude to her. She refused to go on the stage, and, seizing a piece of red chalk, wrote across her dressing-room—

"Paris is the city in the world where women are most valued and least respected."

But all interviews must have an ending, and, much to my regret, I had to leave the lovely subject of this sketch and await developments at the Palace Theatre.

VAL.



MDLLE. LIANE DE POUGY,
THE CELEBRATED FRENCH DANCER ENGAGED TO APPEAR AT THE PALACE
THEATRE IN A MYSTIC PANTOMIME, ENTITLED "LA YACHKA."
Photo by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

NOTE.

The Sketch is on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

MELBA AND CALVÉ.

THE Royal Opera Season is at the height of its glory. The most brilliant audiences have assembled to pay due homage to those supremely clever artistes, Melba and Calvé, whose sweet voices are at their richest and yield undiminished delight. Madame Melba's wonderfully fluent notes, heard with admiration in Puccini's "Vie de Bohème" and in



SIGNOR TAMAGNO AS OTELO.

Photo by Ganzini, Milan.

the powerful Mad Scene from "Lucia," afforded even greater pleasure in "Faust." The Marguerite of Melba must ever be one of her most charming assumptions; and the Garden Scene was all the more captivating by reason of the good-looking Faust (Mr. Coates) who wooed Goethe's fair heroine. As for M. Plançon, needless to say he was a perfect Mephistopheles. Calvé's Carmen is as picturesque, as coquettish, and as fascinating as ever, and the great prima donna well deserved the enthusiastic welcome she received on Thursday night. She enacted to the life the wilful Spanish Gipsy, and sang with her wonted force and expressiveness. Calvé had the advantage of being supported by Madame Suzanne Adams as Micaela, by M. Alvarez as Don José, and Signor Ancona as Escamillo—a splendid cast. We are all

looking forward to the treat of hearing Calvé and Tamagno (who was so grand as Othello) in "Les Huguenots."

TAMAGNO AND MADAME EAMES IN "AIDA."

Notable also was the first performance this season at Covent Garden of "Aida," with Mesdames Eames, Brema, and MM. Tamagno, Plançon, and Scotti in the leading characters, with handsome new costumes, with scenery new and very beautiful, and a fine ballet. "Aida" went better than usual, even. Tamagno, although out-of-tune at first, recovered later, and threw all the fire and beauty of his magnificent voice into his part. Madame Eames astonished and delighted her admirers, not only by her make-up, which was picturesque and extremely becoming, but by really acting as well as singing splendidly. Miss Brema and M. Plançon lent most valuable aid, and Signor Scotti was powerful as Amonasro. All the principals were called many times after each Act, and Signor Mancinelli, who deserved the honour as well as anybody, had to bow his acknowledgments with the rest. Altogether, time, much money, and much effort must have been spent on the production; but the result was good enough for a "run," if such a thing were possible at the Royal Opera.

It was arranged that the well-known Italian tenor, Signor de Marchi, should make his first



MADAME EMMA CALVÉ AS CARMEN.

Photo by Rentlinger, Paris.

appearance on Saturday night in "La Tosca," as Mario Cavaradossi, which rôle he was especially selected by Signor Puccini to create on the first production of the lyric version of the drama in which Madame Sarah Bernhardt is so powerful.

THE TSCHAIKOWSKY CONCERT

at Queen's Hall, on the 18th inst., was entirely devoted to the works of the great Russian master. They included the Pathetic Symphony, the "Nut-Cracker Suite," and the Violin Concerto in D, played with splendid effect by M. Ysaye; also the overture celebrating Napoleon's defeat at Moscow and called "1812." Mrs. Henry Wood sang charmingly in Russian three of the composer's songs.

"THE TOREADOR" SUCCESS AT THE GAITY.

Another big success at the Gaiety! Nothing surprising in that, of course, seeing that Mr. George Edwardes is at the helm, and one might almost speak of him in Lytton's words, and say, "In the bright lexicon of Edwardes . . . there is no such word as fail." It was said that the piece would not be ready, but it was, and by now London is beginning to hum the pretty tunes of Mr. Ivan Caryll and striking melodies of Mr. Monckton, and to talk of the gorgeous dresses designed by the incomparable Mr. Wilhelm, the quaint humour of Mr. Edmund Payne, irresistible as the Toreador *malgré lui*; of the delightful singing of Miss Collingbourne, the new Gaiety recruit; of the charm of Miss Studholme, the comicality of Mr. George Grossmith junior, best representative of the stage silly "chappie"; of the rich, strong voice of Mr. Herbert Clayton, of Miss Claire Romaine's triumph with her two comic

songs, of the gaiety of Miss Violet Lloyd, and vigorous dancing of Mr. Fred Wright junior. And, of course, there are others to be mentioned—Mr. Mackinder, Mr. Nainby, Mr. Willie Warde, and Mr. Henry Grattan, all clever people not treated so well as they deserve by authors unable, alas! to give a good chance to dozens of talented people. Even now I have not named Miss Maidie Hope, dashing as La Belle Bolero; Miss Gertie Millar, who made a "hit" with a cake-walk song and dance; and Miss Queenie Leighton, the handsome Carlist conspirator who is "wanted" by the police—no wonder, since the police are human! How could you have anything but a charming evening with such a collection of players and a book by authors of success like Mr. Tanner and Mr. Harry Nicholls, and lyrics by "Adrian Ross" and other deft jugglers of rhymes?—all under the

direction of a man who knows what the public wants and does not bother himself about people who wish him to try change—they call it "elevate" the public taste. Gaiety, of course, is the key-note of the house, and who save crank or faddist wishes to have the key-note changed? Who cries for elaborate, coherent tales, and subtle humours, when simple stories, frank humour, and unlimited prettiness is offered? Surely feast for the eye, feast for the ear, and food for laughter are sufficient!

Of course, there is a story, rich, too, in comic situations, such as when Mr. Payne, the sham Toreador, finds that his imposture, delightful in its consequences at first, renders him liable to fight half-a-dozen savage bulls, and discovers also that he is a Carlist leader under orders to do fearful deeds of gore and threatened with death if he fails—pleasant situation for a peaceful little out-of-work "tiger"! Plenty of laughter comes also when Miss Collingbourne, disguised as a boy—such a pretty boy!—finds herself unexpectedly with the young man who has won her heart and wants to win her hand. Perhaps, as some have said, the plots are not developed with right logic, but their treatment leads to humorous situations and to many charming turns and numbers, of which advantage is taken by the remarkably strong company.

RÉJANE IN "SAPHO."

So "Sapho" has been produced in French at the Coronet, and our morals as well as "our withers are unwrung." In fact, the Daudet-Belot drama has proved to be a kind of lurid tract which introduces us to bad society and warns us earnestly against the danger of it. Perhaps Jean Gaussin escapes from the clutches of Sapho with rather less injury than the extremely virtuous would wish. To see "Sapho" the pretty Coronet playhouse has been crowded, and, though the slang in some scenes and the accent of the South of France in others rather puzzled



HERR FORCHHAMMER IN "TANNHÄUSER."

Photo by Hahn's Nachf., Dresden.

playgoers—one can imagine that broad Zummerzet would bewilder a Frenchman—Réjane was received with thunderous applause. Perhaps, despite the brilliance of her work, there was a shade of disappointment, because she played some scenes very quietly, but the first Act seemed marvellous to everyone, and her acting when her lover refused to come back to her took the house by storm. It is difficult, if possible, to imagine anything finer of its kind. She has an excellent, if not remarkable, company. One cannot follow all the performances of an actress who makes four changes of bill in a week, and so must simply record the fact that “Lolotte,” the *gentiment canaille* which English playgoers associate with the name of the irresistible laughter-maker, Chaumont, “La Parisienne,” Becque’s brilliant comedy, “Ma Cousine,” already played by Réjane in London, “Madame Sans-Gêne,” in which she acts magnificently, “La Course du Flambeau,” her latest play, and “La Robe Rouge” form Réjane’s remarkable répertoire.

“THE JAPS,” AT THE CRITERION.

“Oh, have you seen the Japs?” may replace the old phrase about the Shah. Certainly, a great many people will go to the Criterion to see Madame—what is the Japanese equivalent for “Madame” and why is it not used?—Sada Yacco and Mr. Otojiro Kawakami and their remarkable company. It is a curious experience one night to watch Réjane representing superbly all that is subtle and modern in dramatic art, and the next to witness the primitive performance of the Japs. For playgoers must not fancy that Madame Yacco and the company, however wonderful and well-entitled to their boom in Paris, play according to our ideas. The Europeanising of Japan has left drama almost untouched, and the methods of the player are pure *moyen age* and rich in convention foreign to us. It may be remembered that there exist people who shake their heads to say “yes,” and nod them for “no,” and, though this is not absolutely applicable to the Japs, many of their gestures and facial movements are Japanese to us, and, of course, all the more interesting on that account. The entertainments, which naturally we do not criticise as drama, are rich in dance, song, and strife. Perhaps the most noticeable matter is the death of Sada Yacco, as Katsuragi, an unhappy Geisha. Nothing of its kind more grim and striking could well be imagined, and one shudders still at the thought of the ghastliness of her appearance in her desperate struggles to cling to life, suddenly become beautiful to her because her lover has come back. The position of leading lady in a Japanese troupe seems no sinecure, for the actress has half-a-dozen dances, complex and curious, with elements of strange beauty lying largely in use of supple wrists and hands, and, in addition, she has some prodigious stage-combats. Fancy our Ellen Terry—for Sada Yacco is called by her admirers “the Ellen Terry of Japan”—being asked to fight half-a-dozen men, and, having a grand rough-and-tumble with the lot, from which she emerges victorious by aid of sheer strength and energy! Hers, indeed, is not the only fighting, for Mr. Otojiro Kawakami, a remarkable actor



MADAME SADA YACCO, THE CELEBRATED JAPANESE ACTRESS NOW AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

Photo by H. J. Slupstone, Amner Road, Clapham Common.

with a unique method of expressing emotion, armed merely with a fan, attacks and defeats five brigands who bear swords and spears. Surely such an entertainment is irresistible! One must mention

MISS LOÏE FULLER,

one of the favourites of Paris, who gives a serpentine-dance between the two Japanese plays. Probably the skill of the limelight artist can no



A THEATRICAL WAR-CURIO FROM BLOEMFONTEIN.

farther go than in the marvellous effects of coloured light cast on her draperies, to give the faintest idea of which one would need the jewelled pen of a Gautier, who, by the way, after hearing the Japanese musicians, would feel convinced of the truth of his remark about music being the costliest and most disagreeable of noises.

MR. HERBERT LEIGH,

who sends me the Bloemfontein theatre-pass reproduced on this page, writes as follows on the subject of theatrical management during the War: “On one occasion, we had billed ‘Caste,’ and had no uniforms. No tailor had sufficient knowledge to make them, and no officer had anything but khaki, so we had perforce to dress Captain Hawtree and George D’Alooy in that. As this is the first time Hawtree has ever donned khaki, I thought it might perhaps interest your readers. We have been playing here continuously since May of last year, and our audiences have included, I should say, seventy-five per cent. of the Field Force. Everybody here has to be indoors by nine o’clock. To get over this difficulty, the Military Authorities permit us to issue special night-passes, one of which I enclose.”

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES

was so pleased (as we all were) with Miss Lena Ashwell’s powerful creation of the part of Felicia Hindmarsh in “Mrs. Dane’s Defence” that he is writing a new play in which the leading character will be played by this clever actress.

THE TRANSFER OF THE SAVOY THEATRE

to Mr. William Greet by Mrs. D’Oyly Carte is perhaps unique in the history of the British drama. For be it remembered that Mr. Greet not only takes the playhouse, but the popular opera, “The Emerald Isle,” now in the zenith of success, all the artists engaged, the travelling companies, and the employees; also the contracts made with Messrs. Basil Hood and Edward German for new pieces—in fact, as a member of the staff of the theatre tersely put it, “the whole show, lock, stock, and barrel.” It is most satisfactory to know that clever Mr. François Cellier will still hold sway over the orchestra, and that by the terms of the agreement between Mrs. Carte and Mr. Greet only musical plays are to be produced. It must not be supposed that indefatigable Mrs. Carte is about to retire to a life of ease. She has, indeed, taken new offices, for she has many other enterprises to engage her attention—for instance, the Savoy Hotel and the Worcester property.

MR. MICHAEL GUNN.

It is a singular and melancholy fact that another associate of Mr. D’Oyly Carte in many of his theatrical speculations, Mr. Michael Gunn, the good-hearted and clever Manager of the Gaiety, Dublin, is so seriously ill that his condition causes the gravest apprehensions to his relatives and friends.

THE COURT MATINÉE

on July 5 (under the management of Mr. Holmes Kingston), in aid of the funds of two deserving charities, will be exceptionally attractive, as Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Mr. Dan Leno, and Mdlle. Liane de Pougy are among the numerous popular artists who have promised to appear. The occasion will be of special interest to *The Sketch* staff, as our versatile colleague, Mr. Keble Howard (otherwise the cheery “Chicot”), is to introduce his maiden effort in dramatic literature, “The Patent Love-Lock,” to be enacted by Miss Lilian Braithwaite and Mr. Oswald Yorke. We all hope the author has found in “The Patent Love-Lock” the key to success as a dramatist.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Touring in June—A Pretty Ceremony—Old Newspapers as Waistcoats—Position when Free-Wheeling—Rails and Railing—Trams and Truculence.

Time to light up: Wednesday, June 26, 9.19; Thursday, 9.19; Friday, 9.19; Saturday, 9.19; Sunday, 9.18; Monday, July 1, 9.18; Tuesday, 9.18.

Glorious Summer is with us at last. All the country is fair and sweet to look upon, and now is the cyclist's heyday. There are plenty of wheelmen and wheelwomen about, but it will be a full month before the dusty tourist, hot, freckled, and happy, will be seen to any extent coursing England's most picturesque highways.

I have been wondering why so many folks take their holidays in August. From the wheelman's particular point of view, it is not the best month. It is generally blazingly, oppressively hot; the roads are inches deep in dust; the hotels at the show-places of the land are crowded, they are expensive, and the grimy wheelman is likely to get scanty courtesy from much-worried landlords who have not yet got rid of the idea that a man in knickerbockers and a flannel shirt lacks the qualifications of good-breeding. I like June myself for touring, and friends of mine who have gone wandering awheel in this leafy month have taken vows on bundles of guide-books and maps that there is no month like it. There are many advantages in June. The country is bright and fresh. The roads are not dust-coated. The hotels are still rather slack; you are better welcomed by the landlord; you get a decent room, and not a makeshift; the food is well-served, and the servants are far more civil than they will be in drowsy August.

The object of a cycle-run of an English Club is usually to have a spin, a meal, and a spin back. Members of that best of all Touring Clubs, the Touring Club de France, are more sentimental. Last week, wanting an excuse for a half-holiday in the Forest of Fontainebleau, they set out to christen a stream there by the name of "The Touring Club." The ceremony was gone through in all its details, and the godmother was chosen from among the prettiest girls. According to custom, boxes of sugar-almonds with the baptismal name on were presented to all the ladies. Then a cold lunch was eaten by the stream and its water drunk with the wine.

For some time French cyclists have utilised old newspapers to put under their waistcoats when overheated, as doing this prevents a chill. But now, I see, an enterprising member of the Touring Club de France has invented a paper waistcoat, which the Club itself sells for fivepence or sends to any address for sixpence.

What is the best position for the feet when free-wheeling is a point not yet definitely decided. It is not likely to be, because this is a matter on which every rider must be his own judge. The best-looking

pose, especially for ladies, is what is known as the "quarter-to-three" position, so that the pedals are horizontal. But this attitude is rather tiring, and, in coasting over jolty ground, is inclined to make you lose the pedals. The "six o'clock" position is one that, I think, the majority of men prefer, because they obtain a rest by putting some of their weight on the bottom pedal. But a long coast in this position tires the bent leg, and it is necessary to change the attitude. Besides, the "six o'clock" pose is not pretty. Probably the most serviceable attitude is the "five-past-seven." It is an easy attitude, looks well, and, if you have a back-peddalling brake, you are ready to gently but quickly apply it.

The relations between cyclists and railway companies is a staple topic of talk. Every man should know his own business best, and, although those of us who wheel and occasionally have to take our

machines by train would like to have them carried as passengers' luggage, as they are in France, instead of paying three, four, or five shillings, as we do here, it is to be remembered that railway companies are business concerns, run for profit as well as for public convenience. It is the nature of us all to get commodities as cheap as we can, and for the sellers to get as big a price as they can. We cyclists must keep on agitating, but it is no good getting angry. Where, however, we have some right to be angry is when a railway company charges a big sum to carry a cycle, damages the machine, and then refuses to pay compensation. One railway company, last year, not only charged for the conveyance of a cycle, but reckoned its weight with other baggage and made the passenger pay extra for excess. That extortion is, happily, stopped.

One reason, I think, the railway companies have done so little for us is because they have been so furiously and recklessly attacked. Blatancy and vulgarity never pay, and railway directors, like lesser folk, do not care to be called harsh names.

It has been the same in regard to tram-lines. Now, tram-lines are useful, and the watering of tram-lines is beneficial, because the cars can

run easier and are not such a drag on the horses on a slope. Further, tram-cars are for the good of the public. But a tram-line raised an inch above the road-level is exceedingly dangerous to cyclists, and the greasy stones caused by water are distinctly provocative of side-slip. Recently, the tramway companies have been attacked in virulent language, as though their object was to maim cyclists. All along, I have done my best to stem the flood of abuse, for I have been confident that, while the tram companies will listen to reason, they will not be bullied by the raucous scribbling of illiterates. It is, therefore, extremely satisfactory that white-lipped passion is beginning to ebb and that people recognise more is to be gained by representation than by wrath. We want the tram-lines on a proper level, and we want the watering of the lines to be less indiscriminate. We will get what we want if we are civil.

I am still in hopes that cyclists' yarns will, one of these days, put fishermen's stories in the shade. I love a good yarner, and cycle-yarners are getting on.

J. F. F.



FRANK CRAIG (THE "COFFEE-COOLER").
Photo by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Black-and-White On arriving at Ascot on the Tuesday, one felt terribly depressed and disappointed. The Royal Stand was uncovered and bereft of all its furniture. The Royal Enclosure was railed off, and a smaller enclosure constructed.



STEALAWAY, WINNER OF THE ROYAL HUNT CUP.

Mr. J. B. Leigh's Stealaway, by Morion—Flyaway (J. Childs up), beat Spectrum by a head; a length and a-half away Forfarshire was third.

This held a mere handful of the cream of Society, all of whom looked colourless and out-of-place.

Ascot Stakes. Sir Blundell Maple, who is nothing if not a courtier, won His Majesty's Vase by the aid of Mackintosh, a very useful horse. The Earl of Coventry, who, by-the-bye, is quite white, was present to see the Coventry Stakes run for. This race should have gone to Port Blair, but he swerved badly at the finish, and Sterling Balm, who was bought from John Watts by Major Joicey, gained a clever victory. From a speculative point of view, the race of the day was the Ascot Stakes. Clarehaven, who suffers from string-halt and does not impress one in walking, is a splendid performer and was well backed, but cut up very indifferently in the race, which was easily won by Sinopi. The winner was a bad horse when in R. Marsh's stable, but he has improved wonderfully in the hands of Sam Darling, and, seemingly, is now useful over any course. He is owned by Mr. Foxhall Keene, and very few people may remember that that gentleman rode Sinopi to victory in the Andover Handicap at the Bibury Club last year. Mr. Foxhall Keene is a fine polo-player, and he rides straight to hounds in the Melton Mowbray country. He gave the stakes won by Cap and Bells II. in the Oaks to English and American charities.

Hunt Cup. The race on the second day of the Ascot Meeting for the Royal Hunt Cup suited the majority of the speculators to a nicety, as Stealaway and Spectrum, who finished first and second, had been well supported, and the actual first-favourite turned out

to be the actual winner. Stealaway is owned by Mr. J. B. Leigh, who is a big shareholder in the Lingfield Racecourse, and who is, by-the-bye, a brother to Lady Alington. Morion, the sire of the winner, won the race for the Duke of Devonshire in 1890. I was very pleased to see the Duke of Westminster's colours carried successfully by St. Benet in the Forty-Ninth Triennial. His Grace, I am told, will be seen in the saddle at the Bibury Club Meeting. Osboch won the Ascot Derby for Lord Wolverton.

The Gold Cup. There are Cup Days and Cup Days. In summing up that of Thursday, one is compelled to use a contradiction of terms, as it was deadly-dull and yet teeming with enthusiasm. The attendance was smaller than usual, and the dresses were of the stereotyped half-mourning style, but the win of Santoi was something to be remembered. Like Bendigo and, later on, Victor Wild, Mr. George Edwardes' horse had become a public idol, and this was to be the one big hour of his racing career. The Yankees to a man sided with Huggins and Kilmarnock II., while all England were on Santoi. The race was run at a wretched pace for three parts of the distance. Then Rickaby let Santoi out, and L. Reiff went in pursuit on Kilmarnock II.; but "Eclipse" was always there, and he won very comfortably amid a scene of wild enthusiasm. Rickaby, who is one of the best-looking of the English jockeys, seldom smiles, as he is so perfectly



SINOPI, WINNER OF THE ASCOT STAKES.

Mr. Foxhall Keene's Sinopi, by Marcion—Simonetta (D. Maher up), beat Brissac by three parts of a length; a length and a-half away Scintillant was third.

correct; but, like J. Watts, after the latter had won the Derby on Persimmon, he smole a broad grin "because he couldn't help it." Mr. George Edwardes (with the "e," if you please, Mr. Printer) was simply delighted, and his brother, Major Edwards (without the "e"), was also highly pleased. The horse is now very likely to win the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park, after which he has to appear on the boards either at Daly's or, better still, at the Gaiety with Edmund Payne up. This would prove the biggest draw of the whole London Season, and I know there are thousands of persons who have read about Santoi who would pay a moderate price to have a look at the horse. He is a fine animal, too, although he cost something like 200 sovs. and has won nearly £10,000 in stakes already. I had a look at the Gold Cup before the race; it is a beautiful piece of workmanship, and I hope it will serve to remind all those who see it in years to come that, at any rate, in 1901, despite the Yankee invasion, England held her own in this one long-distance race.



THE ASCOT STAKES: PASSING THE STANDS FOR THE FIRST TIME.

The attendance on Friday was a big one, almost a record, but the course was the colour of a fox's back, and had worn worse than usual. Kilmarnock II. won the Alexandra Plate easily, half the field being dead-beaten. The Wokingham Stakes was a capital race, but the result did not suit the public, as Rose Tree, whom I could have bought once for £50, beat the favourites. The owner, Mr. Corrigan, is a 'cute Yankee: he knows how to train and how to place his horses. Huggins told my representative the previous evening that he would win four races; he turned out to be a false prophet, but not a very false one. The weather was lovely, and the sport all-round really good. Before the next meeting, many of the stands will be rebuilt and the course will be turned round.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

ASCOT has come and gone more quietly than in Royalty attended years. Still, the crowd was not perceptibly less, nor, in fact, was the well-dressed mob more gaily in evidence than heretofore. Tuesday's weather was the occasion of many bedroom councils of war before people set out, for clouds and bits of blue sky kept treading



[Copyright.]

A BEAUTIFUL GOWN OF GREY VOILE OVER CREAM LACE.

on each other's aerial heels during the early part of the day, and the question of wraps or diaphanous dust-cloaks, *en-tout-cas* or "chiffonous" parasol, was problematic and perplexing. Those who plumped for the latter were justified of their cheerful wisdom, for the day spent itself in bountiful bursts of sunshine, and the sweet frocks had every opportunity of peacocking on Lawn and Paddock. The Duchess of Portland looked very nice in gauzy black, with bunches of her favourite flowers to give the Malmaison touch of pink. Lady Henry Bentinck was with the Duchess a good deal, being, in fact, one of the house-party at Harewood Lodge. Lady Rosmead was in the Paddock picking out the favourites. She and Lord Rosmead have only just settled in at "Moorlands," which they have taken for a term of years. Next-door, at "Rayscourt," which was rented for the week by Mrs. Robert Peck of Bedford, were also Major and Lady Elena Wickham amongst the party assembled. Lady Colebrooke, who was down for the races, wore black and white on Tuesday. She and Sir Edward were at "The Grange." Mrs. Leslie Ward, looking very smart in the same combination, was, with her husband, a guest at "Heathercroft." Lady Alice Stanley's party at Coworth numbered fourteen, and amongst the guests were Lord and Lady Gosford, who brought two pretty daughters. They were being assiduously squired in the Guards' tent at luncheon on Cup Day. The Grand Duke Michael was fortunate in his backings, and had several "good days," but I did not see his wife, the charming Countess Torby, in the Enclosure.

One of the frocks that most enthused me—and I am not easily reduced to rapture nowadays—was a dove-grey painted chiffon with trails of mauve-pink Clematis Jackmannii beautifully painted thereon. This soft and graceful material was tucked from the waist, and carried a full flounce, also tucked at the top, which was embellished with a design in ribbon embroidery of many mauves as well as its wreaths of the aforesaid clematis. A sash of skilfully arranged black tulle was carried over the shoulders and finished off with grey pearl pendants. The hat, entirely of black except for a band of grey pearl embroidery about the crown, was of the picture variety, and an exquisite parasol of grey gathered chiffon had a lining of plain grey gros-grain deliciously painted in the same flowers as those on frock. An ideal race-wrap to go with this glorified *demi-devil* was a full-length pale-grey cloth coat, with a transparent lace top fastened in front by a buckle in "Nouveau Art" enamels, which also secured long, cloudy scarves of grey gauze that fell to the feet. Another ineffable dust-cloak was a thing of perishable beauty indeed, made of white lace over white silk, with stitched bands, belt, and wide revers of white suède, these latter continued to the ground and daintily embroidered in steel and silver sequins. Large white suède buttons, similarly decked with paillettes, gave an added touch of elegance, and the wide, square collar of lace had a frill of suède—curious freak of dressmaking imagination, but amply smart and successful, one is bound to admit.

Wednesday's Ascot was bad enough in the matter of weather, but Cup Day capped the dismal climax of the week, and the only feeble effort



[Copyright.]

RACE-GOWN OF SILVER-GREY TAFFETAS ACCORDION PLEATED.

of enthusiasm was made visible when Mr. George Edwardes' popular victory became known and Santoi snatched the race from Kilmarnock II. Meanwhile, the rain came pitilessly and persistently down, clothes were ruined, tempers spoiled, and a general aggravation of spirit prevailed. From another such Ascot the Fates deliver us!

Mr. George Erskine announces a concert at Steinway Hall on June 29, in conjunction with the Misses Isobel and Elise Lessing. I hear good things of all three artists. That well-established favourite of fashion, Mr. Percy Colson, also announces his concert for July 3, with Madame Eldée and other first-rate artists in the bill. Miss Violet Seton, the child 'cellist who made such a "hit" at her recent introduction to a London audience, is promised at the Grosvenor Club this evening, where I make no doubt she will add to her rapidly sprouting laurel-wreath. Another notable entertainment which came off yesterday (25th), by Mrs. Christie-Miller's kind permission at her house in St. James's Place, was the Annual Sale and Show of the North Bucks Lace Association, an event which yearly gives a fillip to a highly deserving industry. Lady Lawrence opened the Sale, and there was a satisfactory attendance of buyers to add welcome prose to the poetry of this laudable national industry.

Discreet and discriminating persons who like to arrange future events beforehand, and, amongst other things, prefer to forecast their summer holidays before the best rooms are bespoken in the places best worth going to, will be glad to hear that in their favourite Folkestone an improved caravanserai has arisen, in the West Cliff Hotel, which bids fair to outlive most other "guest-houses," as the Teutons prettily phrase it. The West Cliff Hotel, with an already established reputation, has now added to its attractions an entirely reconstructed interior, with no less than seventy new rooms, amongst which is numbered a dark-room for the delectation of the amateur photographer. July 1 sees the opening of the new building, which will be sure to prove a popular house of call. The Empire Hotel, Buxton, may be also included in the list of desirable halting-places, seeing that, besides the bracing air and many natural advantages of this delightful health-resort, one has the additional attraction of a thoroughly up-to-date and luxurious hotel. The lounge and smoking-room are, even in this age of palatial habitations, especially smart, and there is an air of comfort combined with luxury in the *entourage* which makes the Empire a particularly desirable holiday haunt.

"If music be the soul of love," quoth the immortal, "play on," and, had the verse-maker lived in the progressive present instead of the poetic past, he could not have more aptly phrased the feeling or effect produced by the modern music-maker which its inventors have named "The Angelus." This extraordinary production of the Transatlantic brain is a piano-shaped machine *pur et simple*, somewhat in style like a small "cottage," which, when brought into contact with our domesticated Erard or Kemmler, as the case may be, brings forth *ad infinitum*, yet *sans effort*, the mightiest works of the maestros, past or present, from that astonished instrument. In a word, "The Angelus" is a mechanical interpreter of all or any written music. It plays on the piano to which it is attached with expression, accuracy, and—I had almost said—feeling, while its tunes can be changed at will by the simple insertion or withdrawal of a small roll of music. And for time, be it *audante*, *allegro*, *presto*, or *maestoso*, "The Angelus," by means of its series of stops, regulates itself to every mood of music and musician, so that its addition to the drawing-room becomes one which, of all one's possessions, confers the most real and poignant pleasure. "The Angelus" should, in fact, be in every house where music—and music of the best—is appreciated.

Another interesting and valuable discovery in this age of scientific surprises is the new process of photography called the "Metalline," which reproduces, enlarges, or diminishes any picture or print, however faded, in the most astonishingly realistic manner, upon wood,

glass, china, silver, gold, or any other surface. These photographs are so beautiful that one is reassured in learning they are also permanent, and Mr. Langfrier, whose name is a synonym for photographic excellence, assures me that "Metalline" is one of the highest developments of sun-painting we have yet arrived at.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

SUBALTERN.—Why not apply to Messrs. Norman and Stacey, 118, Queen Victoria Street? They are specialists in the art of furnishing flats artistically.—SYBIL.

MR. CLARENCE BARTLETT.

The King, as a mark of his appreciation of the services of Mr. Clarence Bartlett, Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens during the reign of Her late Majesty, commanded his attendance at Marlborough House, and conferred upon him the Silver Medal of the Royal Victorian Order. Mr. Bartlett has been in the service of the Royal Zoological Society for over thirty-six years, and has travelled nearly all over the world to bring home rare animals. His longest journey was his tour in India in the suite of His Majesty (then Prince of Wales) in 1875-6, when special leave was granted him by the Council of the Zoological Society. This photograph was taken by the Biograph Studio, 107, Regent Street.



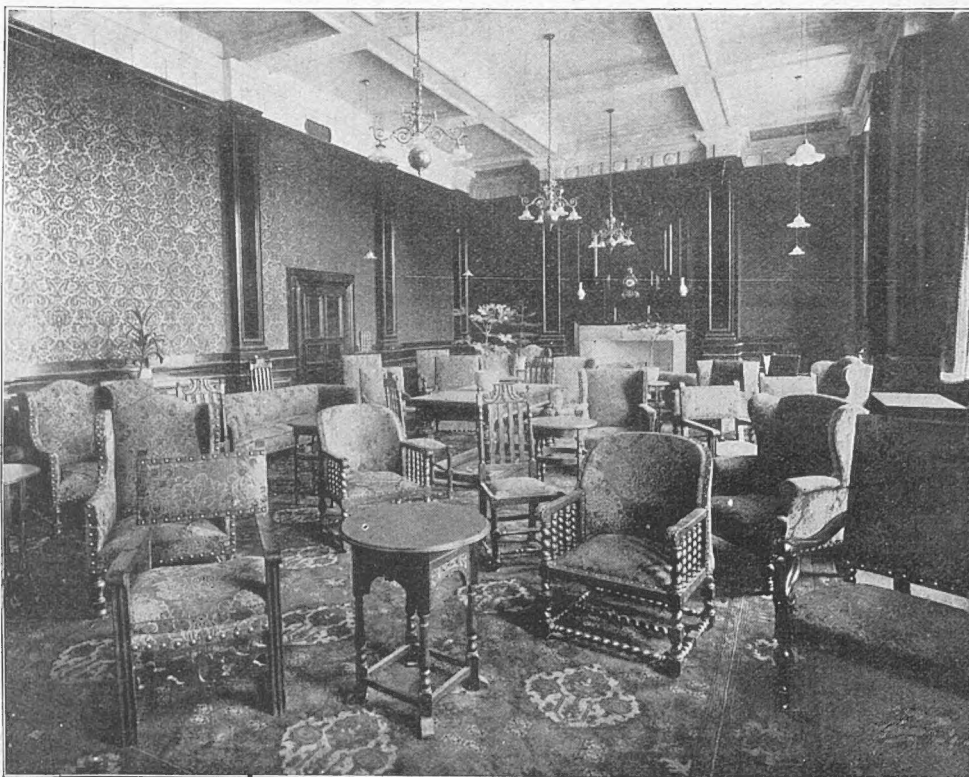
MR. CLARENCE BARTLETT,
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE "ZOO," PRESENTED
WITH THE VICTORIAN MEDAL BY THE KING.

"One Hundred Gems of English Scenery" should form a series of picturesque drawing-room albums of rare beauty. The photographs in Part I, comprising pretty views of Windsor Castle from the Thames, Durham Cathedral, Ilfracombe, Rhuddlan Castle, and lovely Ambleside Waterfall, and other charming scenes, convey a good idea of the picturesqueness of this shilling serial, to be completed in thirteen publications. The printing is well done by the Graphotone Company, of 2, Maclean's Buildings, E.C.

It may seem like an Irishism to remark that at the present time in the best American golf there is a good deal that is Scottish. None the less, it is true. One June 14, 15, and 17 the Open Championship of America was played for over the links of the Myopia Hunt Club of Boston, situated at Hamilton, Massachusetts. We glance at the first half-dozen scores and we fail to find an American cousin among them.

W. Anderson, who won after a tie at 331 for four rounds with Alex. Smith, quitted North Berwick at the fall of last year. A. Smith and W. Smith (winner in 1899), second and third respectively, both hail from Carnoustie; and W. Gardner and L. Auchterlonie from St. Andrews. Ben Nicholls, who tied with Gardner for fourth place, belongs by birth to Eastbourne; and it will be remembered that it was England who supplied winner (H. Vardon) and second (J. H. Taylor) in 1900, though it must not be forgotten that Vardon's birthplace was on Jersey soil.

The Royal Academy has been singularly honoured by regal commissions of late, and to the names of W. B. Richmond and Luke Fildes there has now to be added that of John Seymour Lucas, who has received an appointment to execute a painting of His Majesty's reception of the Moorish Embassy. It must be universally admitted that, in his selection of Mr. Lucas, King Edward has shown discriminative judgment. Though an Academician of so recent a date as 1898, Mr. Seymour Lucas has for many years had a wide reputation as a painter of *genre* and historical pictures. Born in 1849, Mr. Lucas was trained for his life's vocation at the Royal Academy School of Art. He was elected an Associate fifteen years ago. In 1898 he completed the fresco for the Royal Exchange representing William the Conqueror granting the first Charter to the City of London; and his engraved works include "Armada in Sight" and the "Surrender of Don Pedro de Valdez to Drake on board the *Revenge*." Mr. Lucas has proved his capacity in portraying semi-Oriental subjects.



THE LOUNGE AND SMOKING-ROOM OF THE EMPIRE HOTEL, BUXTON.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 12.

THE MARKETS.

AScot, or some other unknown cause, has had a very deleterious effect on the stock markets, for things have been as dull as ditch-water all the week. The financial papers have been full of such expressions as "Paris seems gloomy in tone," "There is no public support," and the like, for which, in truth, there has been a reality not always the case.

Our Stock Exchange artist has, in the sketch we reproduce, tried to present the average daily condition of the ordinary small broker in these dull times. A few weeks ago, all was bustle; now, our friend might as well go off to the races, or, like "The House Hunter," take the opportunity to get married. We begged our valued Correspondent, whose letters have become quite a feature of our City Columns, to think twice before doing such a thing with the income-tax at 1s. 2d in the pound; but he plaintively remarked, "The honeymoon trip will cost less than keeping the office open," and our eloquent warning passed unheeded.

HOME RAILS.

As the time for the Home Railway dividends approaches, the market appears to get more and more nervous, probably not without cause. Last year was bad enough, but this year can hardly help being worse.

Running rapidly over the list of the chief lines, we shall see what may be expected.

The Brighton Company will probably show an increase in gross take of about £38,000. The coal-bill is certain to be higher and the steamer receipts lower than a year ago, and against the increased carry-forward of £7500 must be set interest at 3½ per cent. on the new Ordinary stock. We expect the company will just manage to maintain the distribution of last summer.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Companies will, on the most favourable estimate, have a gross increase of £30,000. The expenses may, on a conservative calculation, be put down at from £45,000 to £50,000 more than was the case in the corresponding period, and the Joint Committee will have available some fifteen to twenty thousand pounds less than before. Interest on fresh capital expenditure may be put down at £20,000, and this would imply that there will be about £40,000 less available for division between the two companies. Without going into elaborate calculations, it appears to us that the South-Eastern will have about £35,000 less to divide among the Ordinary shareholders, and the Chatham, remembering the reduced carry-forward, will be over £50,000 to the bad. We expect, therefore, that ¾ per cent. on the Ordinary is the most the South-Eastern proprietors can expect, and that, by drawing on the reserve, 3 per cent. is the outside distribution which the holders of Chatham Arbitration Preference will obtain.

The London and South-Western may sweep up a gross increase of about £40,000 for the half-year, against which must be set increased coal-bill and capital charges, so that the old rate may just be maintained, but a drop of ¼ per cent. appears more probable.

The Great Western may expect a gross increase of from £32,000 to £37,000, allowing for under-publication, say, £35,000 as a rough estimate. The expenses can hardly fail to be up by £150,000, or a decline of £115,000 in the net profits, to which must be added interest on extra Debenture stock and new Ordinary capital, about £20,000, which brings up the deficit to £135,000, or just 1 per cent. on the Ordinary stock. It is probable that the carry-forward will be reduced and that 2½ or 2 per cent. will be paid.

Space forbids us to review the Northern lines on this occasion, but we hope to deal with them next week.

THE JUNGLE.

The following extract from the letter of an eminent young mining-engineer, who has just returned to the West Coast of Africa after four or five months' leave of absence, may be of interest to our readers. We know the writer, and the letter from which we make the extract was written without the least idea that it would ever be published. There may be some prizes on the Gold Coast, but, for every person who makes money by holding shares in the thousand-and-one companies which are dealt in upon the Stock Exchange, we are convinced that there will be twenty groaning over the amount of their losses when they recover from the malaria which we here call "Jungle fever."

The effect of the mining boom out here is to be seen in many ways. The principal of these is that every native seems to have a Gold Concession for sale. I have had no fewer than forty-eight offered to me since I arrived, and have become so tired of looking into them that I now recommend all those who bring Concessions for sale to set up a stall of deeds and leases in the market-place. Our native solicitor, writing to me a few days ago, mentioned at the end of his letter that he had a few Gold Concessions for his clients—very much as one might offer cigars. Needless to say that quite 99 per cent. of the Concessions are either worthless or non-existent.

THE WELSBACH COMPANY.

Last week, in a hurried note, written at the last moment, we were able to announce the resignation of the then Managing Director of the Welsbach Company, which had taken place the day before we wrote, and while our copy was passing through the press the company's report was made public. That it would be of an alarming nature we feared,

but that it would disclose half as disastrous and uncomfortable a state of affairs as it does, we had no idea.

The dissensions on the Board had been public rumour for a long time, but that one party on the Directorate should refuse to recommend a colleague for re-election, and that the gentleman in question should fight the matter out in public, even the worst enemies of the concern never contemplated. "How these Welsbach Directors love one another!" was the general topic of conversation in the market when the facts became known. We never remember so unusual a state of affairs in any large and reputable company before.

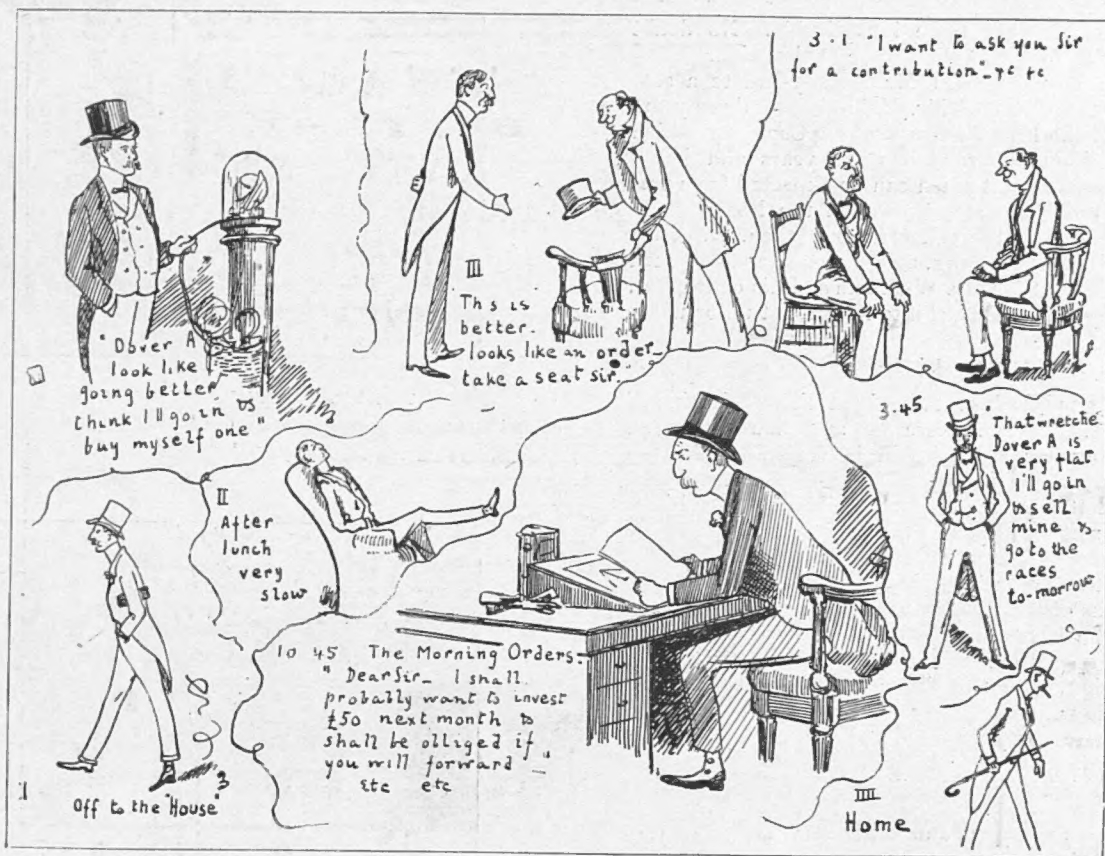
Apart from the bitter hostility of

the members of the Board to each other, the shrinkage of the profits, the necessity for heavy capital expenditure, and the apparently fruitless legal expenses, which grow year by year, all point to the dangerous position into which this over-capitalised and mismanaged concern has drifted. The list of shareholders is most melancholy reading, consisting as it does of an enormous number of small holders, the great majority of whom are women. Truly, Sir Henry Burdett has much to answer for.

What is wanted is a clear explanation of the reasons which led to the resignation of Mr. Peters (for he appears to have got his own way about the reduction in the number of the Board), and some drastic reorganisation of the finances and management whereby proper provision can be made for the depreciation in patents, &c. One good point, at least, may be extracted from the company's disasters. As long as it was aggressively prosperous, there was every encouragement to start opposition, and fight the 1893 patent, which is the last obstacle to free trade in mantles; but, as matters stand, there appears hardly enough in the business to fight for. If, with the 1893 patent still standing, the trade continues to show such reduced profits, people may well ask themselves whether there will be anything left if that patent should be pronounced invalid after going through the ordeal of a hard-fought action—a test to which it has never yet been put.

THE ATCHISON ROAD.

Last week we said that some figures had been shown us as to the net earnings of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway which would prove of interest to our readers, and, as we have satisfied ourselves that they are fairly accurate, we do not hesitate to reproduce them. The



WHAT OUR BROKERS ARE REDUCED TO.

road's accounts are made up to June 30 in each year, and therefore, at the time of writing, any forecast must be more or less an estimate.

There are 7800 miles of road open, upon which for the year the gross take will be about 7000 dollars a mile, or, say, 54,600,000 dollars in all. The working expenses, taxes, and betterments should absorb, say, 33,850,000 dollars, leaving a net balance of 20,750,000 dollars available, from which must be deducted the fixed charges and amount necessary for the Adjustment bonds, 7,750,000 dollars in all, leaving for the shareholders a net 13,000,000 dollars. To pay the full 5 per cent. interest on 114,200,000 dollars of Preference stock requires 5,710,000 dollars, and there should remain for the hundred and two million dollars of Ordinary stock enough to pay $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. dividend. Whether the Board will apply the income in this way we do not know; all we can at this time feel confident of, is that they will have enough money to make the distribution we have indicated if they so desire.

THE UNITED STATES BREWING COMPANY.

The report and accounts of this company have just been issued, and, as a sop to the shareholders, the Board have recommended a 3 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary shares. The agitation which brought about the Extraordinary Meeting some three months ago has had at least this effect, but the astonishing part of the report is that it contains no mention of the work of the Committee, which was then elected on the nomination of the Directors themselves. From time to time we have heard rumours of the meeting of this Committee, and it is said that they have made a report, with various recommendations. Surely the Directors' nominees are not likely to have presented anything very hostile to the body which chose them, so that the mystery is even more inexplicable. No doubt questions at the meeting on the 28th will elicit some explanation.

We note that the Board have co-opted Mr. Murray Ind to a seat which has been vacant since the death of Mr. Haines, some three years ago. Mr. Ind is a Director of the Frank Jones Brewing Company, which has paid nothing to its Ordinary shareholders for years and lately defaulted on its Preference, so that not much can be expected from this gentleman's assistance. Two or three strong men on the Board would probably have been the salvation of the concern; but, then, Directors never like to go out of the Directorial gang, and one or two strong men might have made things unpleasant for Mr. Whatman and his colleagues, by whose supineness the company has drifted into its present unfortunate position.

THE BRAZILIAN DEBT.

Of late there has been a good deal of talk about the unification of the various Brazilian Loans, nor can there be any doubt that an equitable scheme for bringing this about would be very much for the benefit of the bondholders. Some influential members of the Stock Exchange have addressed a letter to Messrs. Rothschild on the subject, and it is probable that the matter may be taken up in earnest as the result of these gentlemen's efforts.

The writers of the letter begin by drawing attention to the discrepancies in the quotations of the various loans, due, as they say, to the smallness of the amount of outstanding bonds in the case of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ and 5 per cent. loans; they then point out that the security is the same in each case, and that, with the sinking funds suspended for ten years, a unification of the whole debt into 4 per cent. bonds would be a simple and easy thing to carry through, and would improve the market for all holders.

There are many worse purchases than Brazilian Bonds (especially the $4\frac{1}{2}$ and 5 per cent. loans) for that numerous and thrifty class of investors who are willing to pay for their purchases and are content to receive a good rate of interest, with a reasonable prospect of some rise in capital value in the course of a few years.

Saturday, June 22, 1901.

NEW ISSUE.

Applications are invited at par for 19,400 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £5 each in Richard Dickeson and Co., Limited. This company, the Prospectus states, has been formed for the purpose of taking over as a going concern the well-known business of Richard Dickeson and Co., wholesale grocers, provision merchants, and military contractors. The vendors will take up practically the whole of the Ordinary shares and 5600 of the Preference, and the balance of the latter are now offered for subscription. The accounts for the last five years, according to the auditors' report, show an average annual profit of £18,778.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

J. C. B. R.—You owe us nothing. As long as inquiries are answered in the paper, there is no charge, and we are always delighted to give any information in our power.

H. A. C.—Thanks for the definition of the "Stockjobber." We are afraid we cannot pay for the reference.

MACHINERY.—(1) As the present price is $2\frac{1}{2}$ — 3 , we do not see how you can hold the shares for a recovery to the price of 32s., at which you say you bought. There are rumours of a new machine, but we have heard of this sort of thing before, and should hold. (2) We should not sell Entre Rios Preference if they were our own.

AMOS.—(1) See this week's Notes for the dividend you may expect on your Brightons. (2) The company is one of the third-rate Jungle productions. Need we say more.

A. P.—We suggest (1) City of South Melbourne $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Bonds, (2) Western of Minas 5 per cent. Bonds, (3) Globe Telegraph shares.

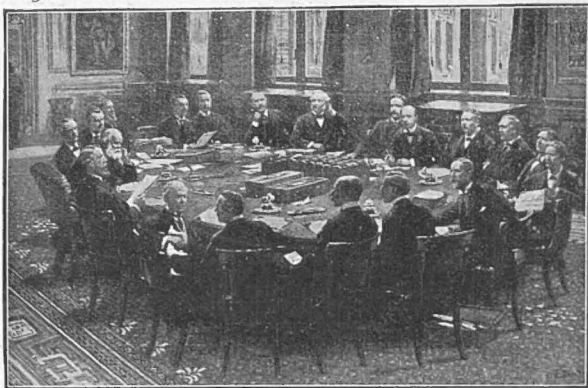
"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" HISTORICAL FINE-ART PLATES.

New List free on application to Photogravure Department, 198, Strand, W.C.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S LAST DRIVE AT OSBORNE.

This small Photogravure from the Painting made by Mr. S. Begg at Osborne is now ready; size with mount, 24 by 18 inches, price 5s.; 200 Artist's Proofs, at 10s. 6d. each.



THE FIRST CABINET OF KING EDWARD VII.

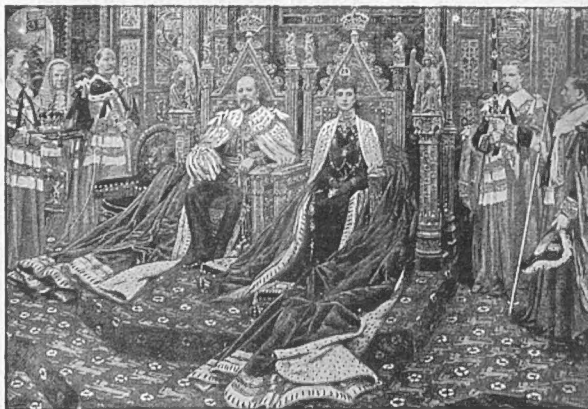
(With Key.)

Photogravures from this Picture by Mr. S. Begg of the Cabinet that decided the great South African question to be had at 10s. 6d. each; 200 Artist's Proofs at £1 1s. each. Size 32 by 24 inches.



THE SURRENDER OF CRONJÉ TO LORD ROBERTS.

From the Painting by R. Caton Woodville of the Sketch by our Special Correspondent, Frederick Villiers. Photogravures, 10s. 6d. each; size with mount, 38 by 28 inches. No proofs left.



THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT IN FULL STATE, FEB. 14, 1901.

The Photogravure, from the Painting by Mr. S. Begg, measures 24 by 17 inches without mount. 200 Artist's Proofs at £2 2s. each; Prints, £1 1s. each.

"His Majesty the King Presenting the South African Campaign Medal, June 12."—A copper-plate is now being made from the original by Mr. S. Begg, from which Photogravures will be issued at 10s. 6d. each; signed proofs, limited to 200, at £1 1s. each; size with mount, 30 by 22 inches. Apply The Illustrated London News, 198, Strand, W.C.